

The Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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THE DEAF OR HARD OF HEARING



Original Size of Medal— $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.

THOSE who become deaf or hard of hearing late in life struggle not only to retain their speech but to learn to read the lips and to adjust themselves to new conditions. All their lives they have depended on hearing. To be deprived of it suddenly is a great handicap.

Those who are deaf from early childhood have never depended upon hearing. They have a hard struggle to master language and speech but they have been accustomed from the beginning to depend entirely on the other senses.

These two classes of deaf should become better acquainted. There should be a greater sympathy between them. In the past there has been too much aloofness.

Mrs. Alice N. Trask has been doing much to bring this about. She was born in Philadelphia. Her mother was Florence Earle Coate, a poet, and her father was Edward H. Coate, President of the Pennsylvania Académie of Fine Arts. She married John E. D. Trask, managing director of the academy in 1900. That same year she developed ear trouble very suddenly and five years later became totally deaf.

Lillie S. Warren gave her a short course in lip reading. She became interested in this accomplishment and went to the New York School for the Hard of Hearing that she might become more proficient. In 1913, she took the normal training and later taught private pupils in California. In 1915, Mr. Nitchie delegated her to represent the New York School at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. She conducted a demonstration class in the Palace of Education during the exposition period. For many months her class was under the close observation of the International jury of awards. At the completion of the course, the jury gave her a gold medal for her efficiency in this work.

Last year she traveled throughout the East studying different methods and concluded by taking a post graduate course with Mr. Nitchie and Miss Clark. Soon after her return to California she organized the San Francisco League for the Hard of Hearing which has been very helpful to a great many people. Her school was so crowded that she found it necessary to move to larger quarters. She is now located at 406 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Deaf Woman Conducted Demonstration Class in the Palace of Education at the Panama Pacific Exposition and Receives Gold Medal by the International Jury of Awards for Efficiency as a Teacher of Lip-Reading.



Original Size of Medal— $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.



MRS. ALICE N. TRASK
Who received a gold medal for efficiency as a Teacher in Lip-Reading

Mrs. Trask has enthusiasm, energy and talent. Her life is consecrated to this cause. She works and she writes. The Silent Worker hopes to publish some of her articles in a future number.

Mrs. Trask is the mother of three daughters who have perfect hearing and the wife of an artist whose reputation is international.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRACTICE IN LIP-READING

By ALICE N. TRASK

TO BECOME a good lip-reader several things are required: First, the method, and for quickness and thoroughness the Nitchie method of instruction surpasses all others; second, a thoroughly competent teacher who will inspire the pupil to his best effort; third, determination, perseverance, and hard work on the part of the pupil; fourth, *practice*.

It is upon practice that I wish to dwell particularly, and upon the difficulty that most pupils have in getting the right kind. The wrong kind not only does no good, but positive harm.

As we all know, every speech sound which is heard represents a letter or letters (vowels and consonants) which combined form words, and to make each of these sounds the mouth must form a movement of some kind, which the would-be lip-reader can be trained to recognize in words and sentences with comparative ease and rapidity; this eye training is one of the teacher's aims, though not the most important.

Nearly all mouths differ, yet there are certain fundamental characteristics which appear if the speaker is perfectly natural.

Slow word-for-word utterance or speaking with any mannerism or exaggeration of the movements so confuses the lip-reader that he cannot understand anything.

It's a case where all rules fail!

Most of our hearing friends seem to feel that it is quite impossible for us to understand unless they help us out in some such way, so they mouth and gesticulate and consequently deprive us of all hope of understanding. What applies to friends is even more applicable to our families, for their desire to help is even greater and they are with us more.

Usually we are able finally to catch some meaning from even the most unnatural mannerisms, but we have been harmed just the same, for we have been deprived of much valuable practice in interpreting natural movements and the chance of gradual improvement.

In speaking to the lip-reader try to forget that he is hard of hearing and talk to him exactly as to any hearing person, and if he fails to understand, repeat just as naturally as at first; and then, if necessary, put your thought into different words, and the chances are that you will have been understood by that time and will have given your friend some good practice.

Also, in time, you will have the satisfaction of realizing that it is no longer necessary for you to make any particular effort in talking to him, and that he no longer seems handicapped.

However, it is hard to follow suggestions and rules as Dame Circumstance so often plays such an im-

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portant part; but the fact remains that nearly all pupils complain that they get no practice away from school. Their families are too busy to help them, or are not interested in lip-reading and have no faith in it, or, as in so many cases, there is no family.

So it seems to me that every good school for the hard of hearing should include opportunities for adequate practice with the regular course of lessons. There should be some opportunity given for reviewing each lesson. Very often one more advanced pupil would be glad to help another for the sake of the practice, or might be employed by the school regularly. Great care should be taken that no practice be given either slowly or with exaggeration.

This school practice may not be necessary for quick pupils, but with the slower pupils the lesson hour may be over before the subject in hand has been mastered, and without practice much is forgotten before the next lesson, and so the pupil's progress is discouragingly slow, as much time must be spent in reviewing.

Many lip-reading schools now have one or more meetings each week of a class for general practice. This is, of course, of great value except to beginners. The material used for this class work should be as varied as possible, with plenty of fun thrown in as seasoning.

Stories told in one's own words, and retold by the pupils, with questions and comments, gives a variety of practice.

Children's stories may be read to the class and followed well if the title and proper names are written on the blackboard. Short simple rhymes, games, proverbs with their variations (that is, some thought suggested by the proverb), and perverted proverbs are beneficial as well as enjoyable.

The following perverted proverbs may be new to *Review* readers, although I cannot claim them all as original:

1. There's many a slip twixt the kiss and the lip.
2. Familiarity breeds content.
3. When love comes in at the door, lock poverty out.
4. Take time by the front hair.
5. Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.
6. You may fill a Ford with water, but you can't make it think!
7. Veal without porridge is the sister of starvation.
8. Little pictures have big frames.
9. God help those who cannot help themselves!
10. Birds of one feather are sure to catch cold.
11. Look before you sleep.
12. People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.
13. Spare the apples and spoil the pie.
14. A little cholera is a dangerous thing.
15. A Yale lock laughs at the locksmith.
16. The proof of the pudding lies in digestion.

17. When the cat's at home the mice will roam.
18. The sun makes hay on a summer's day.
19. Where there are bees there is honey.
20. A little common sense now and then is relished by the worst of men.

21. Early to bed, early to rise, make a man healthy wealthy, and wise, but he won't meet the best families.

I am also adding some familiar quotations, which might also be classed as proverbs:

1. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
2. Take time by the fore lock.
3. There's a special providence that guards drunken men and fools.
4. Little pitchers have big ears.
5. Virtue is its own reward.
6. Silence is golden.
7. As a man sows, so shall he reap.
8. Action speaks louder than words.
9. Practice what you preach.
10. Clothes make the man.
11. The end justifies the means.
12. One man's meat is another man's raiment.
13. First come, first served.
14. Like seeks like.
15. Live and let live.
16. He profits most who serves best.
17. There's reason in roasting eggs.
18. The shoe is on the other foot.

—From the *Volta Review* for January, 1917.



THE ALABAMA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF IN CONVENTION AT THE ALABAMA SCHOOL, TALLADEGA, JULY 4th, 1916.

WRITING ON AN EGG

Hand a friend a hard boiled egg with the request that it be minutely examined. After he has satisfied himself that the egg is of the ordinary kind you tell him to break off the shell, and, much to his astonishment, he will discover his name plainly written on the white of the egg.

There is a previous preparation, but it is very simple. Dissolve one ounce of alum in a half pint of vinegar. Take a small pointed brush and outline whatever you desire on the shell of the egg. Let it dry thoroughly and then boil the egg for about fifteen minutes. If these directions are carried out all

tracings of the writing will have disappeared from the outside of the shell, but when the shell is cracked open it will plainly show on the white of the egg.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

PAT'S MISTAKE

Mike: "Why do them false eyes be made of glass now?"

Pat: "Shure, an' how else could they see through them, ye thickhead?"

Pat walked into the postoffice. After getting into the telephone box he called a wrong number. As there was no such number, the switch attendant did

not answer him. Pat shouted again, but received no answer.

The lady of the postoffice opened the door and told him to shout a little louder, which he did, but still no answer.

Again she said he would be required to speak louder. Pat got angry at this and, turning to the lady, said: "Begorra, if I could shout any louder I wouldn't use your bloomin' old telephone at all!"—*Ex.*

Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.—*La Bruyere*.

"Habits and Their Relation to Health"

By B. F. ROLLER

IT is impossible to overestimate the power of habit. It is only necessary to contemplate the abject serfdom of the drug addict who may have had among the most powerful of wills before he surrendered to the force of habit. The first and the most important requisite of health and success in life is to master habit, the most insidious and the most dangerous foe of men. The boy who allows any habit to master him, unless it is the habit which leads to regularity and decency and accomplishment, is ruined. But the boy or girl who early in life masters habit and makes habit a power for good will succeed as sure as there is a sun in the heavens. Good habits are constructive and protective. Bad habits are destructive and ruinous.

Habits are described by the Standard dictionary as "the psychological tendency to facilitate certain reactions dependent on previous growth and activity, and to inhibit the reactions opposed to those tendencies." Which means in simple terms that Nature always responds to every request we make and tries to do what we want it to do. She may protest bitterly the first time but gradually accustoms herself to do anything we ask of her and will continue in every case to comply with our requests as long as she has the power to live, and tries with all her forces to subdue and inhibit all manner of protests against our unreasonable requests. Nature is the kindest friend on earth and her endurance and patience is most remarkable. No other thing in life would stand so much abuse and wave her objections and inhibit her actions intended for our protection as Nature does.

When we do something which injures us, or insults our physiologic processes, or mental either for that matter, Nature objects the first time bitterly, less on subsequent occasions and finally becomes immune. Take the first smoke, and insult and injury to the health and physiology of animal life, Nature rebels, the smoker becomes ill, and the suffering is intense. Each attempt is followed by an increasing degree of immunity until the smoker can absorb enormous quantities of tobacco poison without suffering the original sickness, tho he is none the less objectionable to people clean in mind and body who are compelled to associate with him, and tho he will ultimately have to pay the bill for which Dame Nature has exacted a cut-throat mortgage. The morphine fiend can take on the first occasion not even a quarter of a grain without suffering severe nausea and emesis and depression, but Nature fortifies herself so far as her unpleasant reactions are concerned until the confirmed morphinal takes sometimes as much as sixty grains of the drug with no more nausea than he suffered originally from the first dose of a quarter of a grain. So it is with the shocks to conscience—the first is followed by remorse and suffering but those that follow are gradually received without protest until the soul becomes petrified against sin and crime.

In view of Nature's tendency to comply with our every request and to accustom herself to the things we wish, and to form habits in everything, it behooves us to make sure that Nature is tempted in the right direction. Otherwise we soon break down all the barriers for our protection and develop ourselves physically and mentally and morally along lines that will surely lead to our destruction.

Strange it is in this connection that all of the habits which are natural and beneficial are pleasant and are followed by a remuneration enjoyable and beneficial. There is nothing more enjoyable than wholesome work, or vigorous exercise for health, or eating when it is done with regularity and discretion and in moderation.

There is nothing more enjoyable than the cleansing or therapeutic bath when indicated, than sleep at the right time and when well deserved by vigorous and industrious work. But all the things that are unnatural and harmful are unpleasant. It makes an easy guide for us and one we ought to follow. We soon find that tobacco makes us ill and requires a penalty for its immunity and therefore it should be let alone. The habit drugs are all the same in that respect and should be equally shunned. If cucumbers make us ill we dislike to eat them again, and we feel the same towards most anything else which is known to be injurious except the most filthy and dangerous of them all—tobacco, drugs and booze. Also, we soon find by experience that by eating regularly and in moderation our food tastes much better, and that by working industriously and sleeping regularly, we enjoy life a great deal more, and that by doing unto others as we would like to be done by our peace of mind and clear conscience makes life many times more enjoyable—in other words it pays in the end most emphatically to follow good habits of both mind and body.

And this is an easy thing to do, too, because the good habits are pleasant and natural and the bad habits have always to be acquired.

Of all the good habits to be cultivated the ones of prime importance are temperance and moderation, regularity, industry, and activity, cleanliness of both body and mind, and absolute honesty to yourself and everybody else.

Intemperance and immoderation even in the best things in life will prove fatal. Nothing will kill more quickly than the things most beneficial when taken in excess. Irregularity is a deadly habit because Nature prepares for the work you give her at the hour in which you give it. Accustom yourself to sleep at night and you can not sleep in the day. Eat regularly at twelve and you can digest food only with great difficulty at midnight. Take food into the stomach when Nature is unwarmed and unprepared and you will be repaid with indigestion.

The lazy and slothful never enjoy life. Their only pleasure is to drowse but they never sleep that peaceful restful sleep of the industrious and active person who works hard and plays hard and earns well the repose of mind and body. The best way to rest is to deserve rest—work hard and tire yourself out by industry and you will appreciate your reward.

Cleanliness, too, is natural and few things are more pleasant. Cleanliness of mind gives a clear conscience, and cleanliness of body gives a feeling of comfort which can not be surpassed.

Honesty embraces all these things. You owe it to yourself and to the complex and marvellous mechanism of mind and body with which you are endowed to do the best by it that is possible in every way, and that means honesty to yourself. You are unavoidably a member of society and as such have an obligation to every other member of that society to be the best possible both physically and mentally, and that means honesty to the world.

B. F. ROLLER.

Speech of Dr. Roller At the Obsque's of Frank Gotch

December 17, 1917.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is my sad but honored duty this evening to speak in behalf of the wrestlers, the promoters, the newspaper man, and every one interested in this best of all sports, of Frank A. Gotch, who died yesterday of Uremic Poisoning, following diabetes. I knew Gotch well for many years, having been born only three hundred miles apart in the central states. I travelled with him on the Jeffries tour, and I wrestled him three times in the bitterest struggles of my life for the honors of athletic victory and

the emoluments which they bring. I was defeated, but I felt honored in defeat for having given that great champion of the world a worthy struggle. I am glad to say also that I found him always a perfect gentleman who used rough but clean tactics notwithstanding some adverse but unjust criticism to the contrary.

Gotch was a man of clean habits, and wonderful personality. He was an example in the athletic world which all men would do well to emulate. I admired him and at one time he and I were bosom friends, tho for several years past on account of the bitterness that arose out of competition we have not spoken, yet tonight in the sombre sadness of death I close that chapter and pay honored tribute to the respected dead.

Gotch was the greatest wrestler that ever lived up to the time that he quit wrestling. He met all men before him, sidestepped none, and defeated them all. But I can not close this eulogy without calling your attention to the practical lessons which we all may learn by a study of his life.

Gotch's untimely death should bring home impressively the fact that it matters not how great an athlete, or physically how wonderful a man may be, if he does not keep up some sort of athletic life he will fade away like the snow flakes in the July sun. Gotch was an athlete marvellous and beautiful to behold so long as he was working, but when he suddenly retired to the seclusion of his Iowa farm to enjoy the luxury of the prizes he had won he literally melted away and in a few short years he died.

It is a peculiar fact that all the great tours and all of the matches in which Gotch amassed his fortune were managed by Jack Curley who with Dr. Ludwig Meyer is so ably conducting this tournament at which you are now assembled. Curley knew Gotch well, too, and voices the tribute which I am now paying that great departed champion in Mr. Curley's behalf.

It matters not how great a man may be in any line of work there will sooner or later arise a man who is good enough to surpass him or any records that he has made. Not long after Gotch retired Stecher arose with his crushing scissors held to surpass the terrible toehold of Gotch. Soon Ed Lewis who has already distinguished himself in this tournament came forth with his awful headlock and caused the first defeat and downfall of Stecher. Now it remains to be seen whether the bronzed Zbysco, who, I believe is as good as his renowned brother Standislaus ever was, can develop something tonight to surpass the headlock of Lewis, who is now at the acme of his glory. In any event wrestling that most wholesome of all sports, THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE, has gone forward like the science of medicine and other things. But while we stand here at the van of progress surpassing by far the things that were greatest in the immediate past yet as we glance back upon his accomplishments we say with bowed heads and reverent hearts he was in his day the greatest of them all, and with sincerity and respect we pay tribute to Gotch the great athlete and the clean gentleman.

B. F. ROLLER.



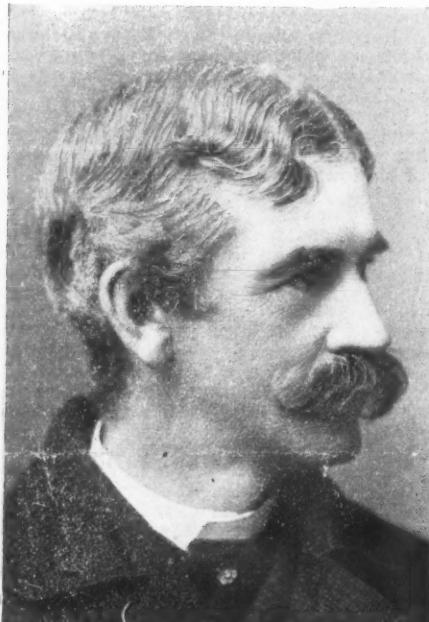
T. Frank Penrose, of Newmarket, N. J., is still a devotee of the wheel as a means of exercise.

PUBLIC OPINION

By DR. J. H. CLOUD

MONG the benefactors of the Deaf none have been mentioned more frequently; or held in higher esteem, by deaf writers than Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet and Dr. Enoch H. Currier. Both were present at the centennial celebration at Hartford last summer and both have passed from the scenes of their earthly labors, followed by the love and gratitude of their many beneficiaries.

Dr. Gallaudet had the advantage of a favorable introduction to the Deaf by reason of the distinguished services of his illustrious father. His position as president of the National College and, for several successive terms prior to his death, of the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf, gave him the widest possible zone of influence in matters pertaining to deaf-mute education. He was the pioneer advocate of oral teach-



DR. AMOS G. DRAPER
(Gone to his reward)

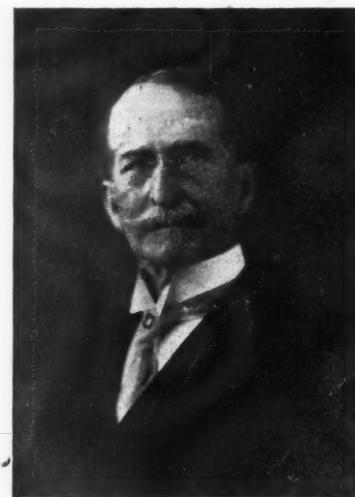
ing and ever the champion of the combined system. But what especially endeared him to the Deaf were the exceptional fine qualities of his head and heart, his uniform courtesy and fair dealing, his approachableness and his undeviating loyalty to the sign-language. There was nothing pertaining to the welfare of the deaf anywhere that failed to command his sympathy and assistance. He was the endearing magnet which drew many to the celebration at Hartford, —a celebration subdued by the sadness of the last farewell which all present were conscious must soon take place.

The distinguished services of father and son, stretching from end to end of the first century of deaf-mute education in America, is a notable and enviable record. During a friendship with Dr. Gallaudet extending over a period of thirty-five years we had many exchanges of letters. His reply to my letter quoted below must necessarily have been among the last few from his pen:

St. Louis, Mo., March 26, 1917.
My dear Dr. Gallaudet:—The Twelfth Convention of the National Association of the Deaf opens at Hartford on July 3rd at 2:30 P.M.

The Convention would appreciate your presence on that occasion, also an address. We are well aware that you will be very busy during convention week but trust that you can give the N. A. D. at least a few minutes of your time.

I take it for granted that it will be agreeable



DR. E. M. GALLAUDET
(Gone to his reward)

to your pleasure and convenience to accept this invitation and am putting your name on our tentative program.

Sincerely,
JAS. H. CLOUD.
Chairman Program Committee, N. A. D.

To the above Dr. Gallaudet replied as follows, in his own handwriting the lines betraying the inroad of advancing years:

Hartford, Conn., April 20, 1917.
Dear Dr. Cloud:—Yours of the 26th ult., ought to have been answered before this.

My only excuse is an increasing difficulty in writing, which makes me shirk my correspondence.

I hope to be present at the conventions which are to be held here in the summer, but do not think I can promise any thing in the way of an address.

My strength is at a low ebb, and I shall need to have more than I now have in order to do any talking.

I hope all goes well with you in your varied lines of effort and in your family.

I was pleased to meet your stalwart son here not long ago. I hear good accounts of him in Washington.

My best regards to Mrs. Cloud,
Always faithfully yours,
E. M. GALLAUDET.

* * *

The members of the Old Guard are passing fast. It is not long since the deaths of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and Dr. E. H. Currier, and now comes the news that Dr. Amos G. Draper passed away last week at his home in Washington City. Dr. Draper was one of the early graduates of Gallaudet College, and for upwards of forty years was professor of Mathematics and Latin in his alma mater. He adorned the position, not only by his character and scholarship but by those fine graces that mark the polished gentleman. His old boys and girls give him the name of being a pains-taking teacher and a man of high ideals, who brought out of the best that was in the young people with whom he was associated.

The profession has lost one who, in his day, was one of its strong men.—G. M. McClure in the Kentucky Standard.

Aside from a long and highly successful career as instructor at Gallaudet College Dr. Draper served as treasurer for the Garfield Memorial Fund, the Gallaudet Statue Fund, the Porter Memorial Fund, the Students' Loan Fund, President of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association and was one of the incorporators of the National Association of the Deaf. He represented the College at the International Congress of the Deaf at Paris in 1889 and was Chairman of the body of delegates from America attending that con-

gress. Among the last services he rendered the Deaf was as Chairman of a Committee of the National Association of the Deaf to invite through the State Department representative deaf citizens of France to attend the celebration of the Centennial of Deaf-Mute instruction at Hartford last summer. The Committee's efforts were crowned with success.—France sending four delegates to participate in the Centennial.

Mr. W. L. Hill, a college classmate of Dr. Draper's, concludes a biographical sketch of his friend of many years in the columns of the New Era as follows:

Mr. Draper was undoubtedly the ablest member of our class and one of the very ablest that ever graduated from the college. His intellectual perceptions were keen and logical. He was a brilliant writer, gifted with a strong poetic strain.



DR. ANSON R. SPEAR
(Gone to his reward)

and his style of composition was incisive, clean-cut, and vigorous. His early journalistic experience had taught him the value of brevity of expression, and he eschewed every tendency to redundancy and ambiguity. He had a clearness and simplicity of style that made his literary work a delight to follow. I think he would have achieved real eminence in the newspaper field had he chosen to continue that work.

In all the relations of life Amos G. Draper was steadfast and true. A wise and devoted husband and father, he was very proud of his wife's great success in a large and important public field, and of his children's very uncommon record in scholarship at college. Those who have known him as I have know that they are all the better for the wholesome influences which his sincere and kindly personality has cast over their lives.

The last time that I saw this good friend of my youth and manhood was on another beautiful September afternoon, when he stood by the open grave of our great benefactor and friend, Edward Miner Gallaudet, in the cemetery at Hartford, and took farewell of the man who had been not only a preceptor but almost a brother thru long and ennobling years. The wise but inscrutable providence of God had ordained that they should very soon be reunited in another world.

On one side of the beautiful monument in the cemetery at North Bennington, Vermont, where our friend's mortal remains find hallowed repose appear these words, the expression of his own heart and pen.

In life, O Lord, thou hast been good;
In death, be merciful.

This last appeal of a true Christian was heed-ed. He was taken away suddenly at last, without pain or suffering.

* * *

The death of Anson R. Spear, President of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf, which occurred in his home city, Minneapolis, December 8th, last, removes from the affairs of the Deaf a strong, versatile and forceful personality.

Mr. Spear lost his hearing at the age of twelve, graduated from the Minnesota School, attended Gallaudet College for a while, served as a clerk in the U. S. Census Bureau and later in the Minneapolis Post Office, founded and for several years was superintendent of the North Dakota School for the Deaf, and for several years prior to his death was successfully engaged in the manufacture of a patented envelope of his own invention extensively used in all civilized countries by millers, grain and seed men for the mailing of samples.

But perhaps the most notable and far-reaching service which Mr. Spear rendered the Deaf, generally, was his measure for a Bureau for the Deaf in the Department of Labor, which has become a reality in Minnesota and the model for similar legislation in other states.

A measure on a National scale, following the same general lines as the Minnesota law, was drafted by Mr. Spear and introduced in both Houses of Congress where it is still pending. It has the unanimous endorsement of the National Association of the Deaf, which is pushing the measure before Congress, and of the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf.

In the Public Opinion department of The Silent Worker for April, 1912, June, 1913, May and October, 1914, illustrated references to Mr. Spear and his varied activities may be found. The wording of the bill drafted by him and now before Congress is contained in the Worker for October, 1914. The concluding part of the comment we made at that time is as true now as when first written and may be appropriately quoted here:

"There can be no question whatever about the value of such a measure to the Deaf by whatever method educated. It is fair and impartial to all schools and methods of instruction.

"The various school papers, editorially and otherwise, teachers, organizations, associations, Societies and clubs for the advancement of the Deaf should take immediate hold of the matter and do all in their power to get members of Congress from their respective localities to work for the passage of the bill and for its subsequent approval by the President."

* * *

Dr. Max Goldstein, an eminent throat specialist of St. Louis, editor the Laryngoscope of the same city, and as a side-line head of the new oral school for the deaf—Central Institute, of St. Louis, has an article in the September issue of the Laryngoscope in which he assails both the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf and the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. He asks, with all the emphasis of italics, "How does such a national convention (Hartford) promote the welfare of the deaf child if the influential factors responsible for this education continue in an agreement to disagree?"

Dr. Goldstein complains that he was not permitted to present his views as to methods on the floor of the Hartford convention, but there was a reason for his being denied the privilege. The meeting marked the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent school for the deaf in America, and was intended to be a reunion of educators of all methods. Formal invitations had been extended to the Speech Association and a number of other bodies to join in the celebration, and the partisanship of methods was, for the time being, laid aside. A paper embodying the views of an extremist like Dr. Goldstein would have been manifestly out of place on this occasion and a source of embarrassment. If we understand the spirit of the Convention aright, however, its members welcome the views of seekers after truth, and on proper occasions we feel sure the Doctor will be free to state his views which will be listened to with courtesy.

The Doctor appears, however, to expect more courtesy than he extends, for he complains that many superintendents and teachers "have not in-

vestigated or admitted with an unbiased mind" the possibilities of the method in which he is interested. But it is evident that he has done very little unbiased investigating himself of the position of those with whom he disagrees, and the possibilities of the method he condemns.

The Doctor condemns impartially the Convention and the Speech Association for "the absence of co-operation and democracy," whatever that may mean, and announces that he proposes to form a new organization to be known as "The Society of Progressive Oral Advocates," the first meeting of which will take place next summer.

Where do Dr. A. Graham Bell, Dr. Yale, Dr. Croutier, Dr. Taylor and others who have grown gray in promoting oral work in schools for the deaf come in in this proposed Society? Are they to be retired from leadership in favor of others who can and will as—a side line—improve on the work they have been doing?—Editorial in The Kentucky Standard.

* * *

Everything wrong with present day methods of educating the deaf in the state schools used to be discovered by Wright, of New York. Now there is a new discoverer of what ails us—Goldstein of St. Louis. These men are all right, of course—but deaf boys and girls were educated and grew up to be men and women of character and influence, and with ability to express themselves clearly, even fluently—in English, before such discoverers came upon the field of action. All of which is, or ought to be, proof that however effective their methods may be, they are not indispensable in the education of the deaf.—Editorial *Silent Hoosier*.

* * *

Dr. Max Goldstein should be invited to address the conference of superintendents and principals at the next meeting in Florida. No doubt he could tell the leading educators of the deaf how to educate the deaf. While he has been in the business a very short while and is devoting only a small part of this time to this work, no doubt he knows more about it than the leaders of the profession. We would be willing at least to listen to him for a few hours.—Editorial in The Palmetto Leaf.

Those who know Dr. Goldstein and are under no obligation to him will note his advocacy of "co-operation and democracy" with some amusement. The "co-operation" he proposes consists of the injection into the teaching body of another faction of division which will have nothing to do with the venerable and efficient Convention of Instructors or with the influential and wealthy Association for the Promotion of the Teaching of Speech. His "democracy" discards the time-honored and generally approved professional tenets of "any method for good results" and "adapt the method to the child" and substitutes therefor an absolute autocracy of pure oralism.

"Co-operation and democracy" are the two lumps of sugar held in the Doctor's left hand, while concealed (?) behind him in his right he holds the bridle with which he would lead the profession along the single oral rut.

Judging from the comment Dr. Goldstein's proposition is evoking from experienced teachers of the deaf the profession has enough horse sense not to take "The Society of Progressive Oral Advocates" too seriously.

The fact that Dr. Goldstein was not allowed a place on the program of the Hartford Convention of Instructors of the Deaf is no good reason why he did not attend that Convention and the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf. Among the many in attendance at the Convention commemorating the first Centennial of Deaf-Mute Instruction at Hartford was Mr. H. C. Buell, superintendent of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf. In making his report before the meeting of teachers of his school, Mr. Buell, according to the Delavan Enterprise, made the following observation: both sensible and true:

"Oralism seems to be getting to the end of its drive and there is a tendency to subordinate the method to the interests of the child, giving him a larger chance to develop by any other means that may suit his case. Toward the end oral teachers were advised to learn the sign language and be able to use the finger alphabet."

* * *

The following interesting and instructive article was contributed to the Mt. Airy World by the Rev. H Van Allen:

A DEAF CELEBRITY

"Heinrich von Treitschke, the German historian, political lecturer and panegyrist of the house of Hollenzollern, is generally regarded, along with Frederick Wilhelm Nietzsche and Frederick A. J. von Bernhardi, as chiefly responsible for the present world war. No one better expressed the aspirations of the German mind or exerted a greater influence on modern German ideals. It does not seem to be generally known, however, that he was stone deaf from childhood, being what would be called "semi-mute." Born in 1834, the son of a distinguished Saxon military officer, he lost his hearing in infancy as the result of an attack of varicella (chicken pox). None of the available accounts of Treitschke's career have much to say in regard to his early education, a subject in which readers of *The World* would be particularly interested. He was probably educated by private tutors. In Adolph Hausrath's sketch of his life it is said that at Frieburg, where he began his career as *privat docent* in the university, "the deaf young professor was the most discussed person in local society, and he himself boasted to my (Hausrath's) wife that for his benefit several Freiburg ladies learned the deaf and dumb language."

Hausrath adds that Treitschke's voice was very loud; that he talked with so great rapidity that it was sometimes difficult for his students to understand him; and that he had an unpleasant habit of forcibly and audibly drawing in his breath when talking. He was able to read speech from the lips and in ordinary intercourse disliked to have anyone try to carry on a conversation with him in writing, fearing that this would lessen his ability to read the lips. At public meetings, however, he depended on the hastily written notes of a secretary who sat beside him. Frequently he quite misunderstood what was going on, and interjected remarks painfully and even ludicrously inappropriate. His wife, who could hear perfectly, "communicated with him in finger-signs with all the expressiveness of an Italian."

What is said of him by his biographers leaves the impression of a more than ordinarily brilliant intellect sadly handicapped by the blight of deafness. He seems to have suffered all the ordinary drawbacks and embarrassments associated with complete deafness, but to have possessed a self-confidence and lack of sensitiveness which enabled him to force his way to the front in spite of them. There is a vague suggestion of something of the same aggressive brutality in his life as is set forth in his political teachings. He had the advantage, too, of being surrounded by a coterie of loyal friends who were constantly pushing him forward, and of addressing himself to a public singularly given to hero-worship. Nevertheless, there must have been something in him both admirable and compelling to assure him of this loyalty and general respect.

He died in Berlin in 1896, eight years too soon to see the results of the doctrines which he advocated.

* * *

All Right in the Morning

Officer—Is your brother, who was so deaf, any better?

Bridget—Sure, he'll be all right in the morning.

Officer—You don't say so.

Bridget—Yes, he was arrested yesterday, and gets his hearin' in the morning.—*Liverpool Post*.

After getting his hearing he will be "restored to society."

JAMES H. CLOUD.



The New Home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jack,
of Sheridan, Indiana

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER

SHOPCOMING triennial convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf in Philadelphia, July 1-6, 1918, is fast approaching. The responsibility of providing for the entertainment of the convention was assumed by Philadelphia at a time when conditions were normal and were supposed to continue so, at least for three years more. This can not be said to be true now. It is now war time—an unexpected, perplexing and trying time. But, be that as it may, the Philadelphia Frats have not lost heart and, notwithstanding the difficulties that seem to beset them on every side, they continue the arduous work of preparation with all the pep they can command. Never mind if you do not hear or feel a lot of trumpet blowing. It is work that will count most. There is just one thing that Philadelphia would ask of its visitors and that is that, if they don't find every thing just as they expected here, they should not forget that we have no control over wartime conditions, such as high cost of living, etc.

The Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, Pa., receives legacy of \$500 by the will of the late Mary T. Flack, probated in December. It also received about \$2,300 from the estate of the late Mary E. Taylor, last fall. During the same year a man bequeathed the Home about \$8000, but a contest by relatives, who claimed that the testator was benefited by the will of a brother and disregarded his wishes by making the bequest to the Home and one to another charity, has probably invalidated it. The Home may however be considered fortunate to receive two legacies in one year, and especially in the eventful year of 1917. If \$2000 from the above two legacies will be transferred to the Endowment Fund, as it is hoped, the fund will amount to \$10,000, more or less. The Home has also a little more than \$1,500 set aside as a building fund to provide additional accommodations, which is its present most pressing need.

We think the Local Committee is fortunate in arranging with the management of the Hotel Adelphia for holding the Frat Convention there and making the hotel the headquarters. A better selection could scarce be made, considering class, rates, and locations. Mr. A. J. Sullivan, of Baton Rouge, La., who is visiting here, praises the selection and expressed the opinion that meeting at such a place will influence public respect for our organization.

During the latter part of last November death claimed three deaf-mutes who were all schoolmates at the Broad and Pine Streets school more than thirty years ago. On November 19th, Bird J. Hiestand, of York, Pa., was killed on the railroad on his way home from work in the evening. The accident was a peculiarly sad and distressing one. He left a wife and three grown-up children. On November 28th, George Barron McClellan Baker, of Berwick, Pa., died of dropsy. He left a wife and grown-up son. On the same date John W. Shappell, of Reading, Pa., died of tuberculosis and heart leakage. He was unmarried.

All Souls' parish had another parish dinner at the Parish-House last Thanksgiving Day. It was in reality a "community" affair, because no creed line was drawn. As before, the object of providing the dinner was threefold—to enable the poorer members of the parish to enjoy a turkey dinner; to give others the opportunity to beat the high cost of providing a turkey dinner at home, and to draw the people together for an enjoyable afternoon on the holiday. A good idea, was it not? Those who could afford to pay the price of the dinner, including a light supper, (sixty cents,) sat side by side with those who could not; or in other words, all were equal. There is no

question that the dinner was a treat to the poor, and it may be imagined that it was also a rare pleasure to them to eat the holiday meals together with so many others (nearly a hundred) of the community. It must be admitted, however, that the preparation of such a dinner was somewhat of a stupendous task for the few ladies who volunteered their services to Madame Dantzer, who acted as hostess-in-chief, and this alone makes it a question whether the practice will be continued in future. If this lack of service forces a retrenchment in liberality, it is the fault of those who want to get too much from the little they give.

The unity of the deaf of Eastern Pennsylvania could have been no better demonstrated than by the magnificent testimonial they gave to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter on the recent occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a teacher of the deaf. That the deaf friends of Dr. Crouter in other parts of Pennsylvania are not included is no fault of theirs, for they were not given the opportunity to join our company for the simple reason that they could not be conveniently reached in the short time that the project was on foot. But for this we might speak of a still greater unity. The gift was in the form of an elegant Baby Grand Sonora phonograph, which is claimed to be the highest class talking machine in existence. In acknowledging the gift, Dr. Crouter said: "It would not have been possible for the numerous organizations that contributed to the presentation of this musical instrument to have presented anything that would have given me keener pleasure and delight." It is also a matter of great gratification to us to know that the gift is so acceptable.

Mr. James N. Gilmore, who, since his retirement from farm life in Ohio several years ago, spent most of his time in Philadelphia, died of pneumonia after an illness of less than a week on November 19th, aged 81 years. The death occurred while on a visit to his native town, where he was buried. He had become quite a familiar figure in Philadelphia, for, despite his advanced age, he was able to attend many of the important affairs of the deaf, and his most regular attendance at All Souls' Church for the Deaf was an example worthy of emulation by the younger deaf.

A series of successive events have been held and are planned to boost the Frats Convention fund—The success so far attained is encouraging, notwithstanding the unfavorable times. A "Country Store" was the latest venture, and this too was successful. On January 25th, a masquerade dance was given at the Grand Fraternity hall, 1626 Arch Street.

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, who underwent a surgical operation in August of last year, has almost recovered from its effects.

At present Mr. Erhard D. Strecker and Mr. James E. Foster are being congratulated upon the birth of a boy in each of their families. Mr. Foster is employed as a ship-joiner at the League Island Navy Yard. He says that, in these days of hustle and scarcity of labor, the opportunity for the deaf to work at the yard is better than ever; but he qualified the statement by saying that most any kind of laxity is followed by instant dismissal.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer spent the month of January in Florida.

It seems as though we are having an early winter, and perhaps we will also have an early spring.

Last spring Red Cross Auxiliary No. 207 was organized in All Souls' parish and since then and

throughout the summer the ladies have been meeting every Thursday, at first in the afternoons only, but now all day from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They have made many things, such as hospital shirts, and several kinds of bandages. As the bandages will be needed in large quantities, there will be plenty of work throughout the coming year. Some of the ladies have also taken up knitting soldier comforts.

Tho' we cannot claim a single communicant in the Army and Navy and therefore cannot hang out with pride our service flag showing a large number of stars, still several of our people have given their precious sons and one has given her hearing husband. Here are some of the names we have secured:

Buxton, Edwin F. A., Ambulance Corps, Unit 79, Brown University—son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buxton.
Dantzer, Orvjs. D., Co. F., 314th Infantry, Camp Meade, Md.—son of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer.
Hagy, Charles Casper, Co. I., 110th Inf., Camp Hancock, Ga.—son of Mrs. Ann Hagy.
McKee, Albert C., Quartermaster's Dept., U. S. N. On U. S. S. Chicago—husband of Mrs. Bessie McKee.
Miles, Jr., William A., now at Gettysburg, Pa.—son of Mrs. Lucy M. Miles.
Shepherd, Clifford Levering—Penna. Ambulance Corps, No. 2, Camp Hancock, Ga.—son of Mr. W. C. Shepherd.
Slifer, Clarence G., Co. E, 314th Inf., Camp Meade, Md.—son of Mrs. Louisa Slifer.—*From All Souls' News.*

The above list may not be complete, for we know at least one more son of deaf parents with the colors. He is Leonard Wilson, son of Mrs. Helen R. Wilson, who is enlisted in the Quartermaster's Department at Camp Hancock, Ga., we believe.

A large number of the Philadelphia deaf have purchased Liberty Bonds, mostly through the weekly instalment plan. They are surely trying to do their bit.

Not to be outdone in patriotic service by the girls, 21 boys at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mount Airy, are taking lessons in knitting from a number of the women teachers. The boys expect soon to be at work on sweaters, helmets, wristlets and the like for the use of soldiers and sailors. Three members of the staff of the institution are now in the national service—Orvis DeWitt Dantzer, Willard Pallman and Clarence J. Settles. The successor of Mr. Pallman as head supervisor of boys is Donald Hume, who saw active service in France with the 26th New Brunswick Battalion and was wounded in action at Krimmel, on the Ypres salient, in February, 1916.—*Phila. Record.*

At the regular monthly meeting of Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, William L. Davis; Vice President, Fred Greiner; Secretary, Iby H. Marchman; Treasurer, Louis C. Lovett; Director, Robert E. Underwood; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank J. Hanley; Trustee, Fred Greiner. Eleven applicants were admitted to membership, and twelve were admitted at the previous meeting.

AVIATION AND THE DEAF

Newspapers state the two leading airplane firms of the nation are ready to construct America's Invincible Armada of the war—the Curtiss and Gallaudet firms. Both are of interest to the deaf.

The Gallaudet firm is headed by two sons of the late Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. Edson Gallaudet nearly lost his life in the experimental trip of the "Gallaudet Bullet" in 1911 when, flying 125 miles an hour—world-record speed in those days but ordinary now—his machine dove head-on into a plow field. The two Gallaudets persisted, however, and if they finally overcome the instability of the flour-barrel-on-a-bike type of tractor plane they should make history.

Glenn Curtiss has a deaf sister and employs several deaf men in lucrative positions in his Buffalo plant.

—*The Washingtonian.*

STRAY STRAWS

By E. F. LONG



JAMES C. SMITH, age 27,
Co. A, 29th Engineers, Topographical Division,
Intelligence Section, A. E. F., France

O MOTHER DEAR, YOU'RE THINKING
NOW OF ME.

(From the Minneapolis Journal, Dec. 29, 1917)

(To Mrs. J. L. Smith of Faribault, Minn., whose four young boys—all she has—are now with the colors. Three volunteered and one was drafted. Two have been in France for months.)

Somewhere in France the cold, white snow is falling
And icy blasts come sweeping in from sea;
From deep, cold trenches voices now seem calling:
"O mother dear, you're thinking now of me."

Somewhere in France they lie—the dead and dying—
They fight and die that we here may be free;
Their last thoughts as their spirits swift go flying:
"O mother dear, you're thinking now of me."

Somewhere in France are Red Cross nurses trying.
To act that part the mother used to be.
They read the thoughts of wounded that are crying:
"O mother dear, you're thinking now of me."

Somewhere in France the cold night wind is blowing
O'er soldiers dead, but mothers seem to see
And be with them, and catch the farewells flowing:
"O mother dear, you're thinking now of me."

"Somewhere in France"—dear heart, your eyes are
brimming
With soulful tears—but there's a God above
Who knows and watches, though your cup be filling
To o'erflowing—in Him place faith and love.
—J. S. S. Bowen.

Minneapolis, Minn.

IN the January issue of the Silent Worker I inadvertently made Dr. J. L. Smith the father of one son more than the number to which he was by right entitled. Somehow I got the impression that he had the unique distinction of having four sons in the army while a fifth was waiting to become of age so he could follow in his brothers' foot-steps. The genial Doctor kindly called my attention to the error and protested that to his own definite knowledge he had only four sons as the sum total and said they were all helping Uncle Sam—two in France and two in training camps in this country.

At my request he sent me photographs of these four sons, which are here reproduced. They certainly make a fine looking quartet and the father and mother of four such boys, all fighting for the honor of their country may well take pride in such a showing, with the confidence that the world will applaud.



SYDNEY C. SMITH, age 24,
Co. C, 364th Infantry, American Lake, Wash.
Sydney is the moving picture boy.



ARTHUR P. SMITH, age 21,
Headquarters Detachment, 25th Engineers,
Ayer, Mass.

Elwyn, the eldest, age 29, is now with Headquarters Company, 103rd Infantry, A.E.F., "somewhere in France."

The second, James C. aged 27 is with Company A, 29th Engineers, topographical Division, Intelligence Section, A.E.F., "somewhere in France."

Sidney, the third, aged 24 is with Company C. 364th infantry, American Lake, Washington. "Sid" is the moving picture boy.

And last comes Arthur P., the youngest son, aged 21, who is with Headquarters Detachment, 25th Engineers, at Ayer, Mass.

Elwyn, James and Arthur enlisted and the Sidney was drafted he went willingly and gladly to help Uncle Sam. All four of them sacrificed lucrative positions to do their duty for and country. Elwyn was a travelling salesman, James was one of the most trusted clerks in the Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis, Minn. Arthur was a bookkeeper for a large business firm in Minneapolis. Sidney was a



ELWYN L. SMITH, age 29,
Headquarters Co., 103rd Infantry, A. E. F.,
France

moving picture actor drawing a good salary.

Most likely we have all seen "Syd" in the movies without knowing it. He has been in that business for about six years. First he was with the Pathé Co. then with Selig, and with Keystone in succession, and had just signed with The Fox Film Corporation when called to the colors. At first he played juvenile parts in comedy and later as he developed was given juvenile leads in a number of pieces. He was one of the leading characters in the "Ne'er-do-well," playing the part of the Spanish chief of police. This play was staged and filmed in Panama.

All three boys are real patriots and have no kick coming against the life of a soldier and the way they are treated and like good soldiers are ready for what comes. Elwyn and James both like what they have seen of France and the French and are in the best of health there. They are "well fed, well outfitted, and well quartered?" They find that their knowledge of the sign language is of great help in getting along with and understanding the foreigners, for it seems a kind of volapuk.

Such good soldiers devoted to their country can not fail to be devoted to home ties and so it is with them. They are devoted to the "little mother" at home and "dear old dad." Their characteristic cheerfulness and faithfulness shows in all their letters. Writing and expressing satisfaction that all his brothers were in the war, Sidney says, "I am glad all the boys are in this big war. By the way they step you can see they are all Americans, and all chips of the old block, and I am proud to be one of them."

Speaking of the drilling, trench digging, etc., he writes, "By the time we are ready to go over, we sure will be fit for anything that the Huns can produce, and then they will be sorry they started the war."

The spirit of his father shows in the following lines and proves he is a real "chip." "I am going to work hard to be advanced. You just watch my smoke, for I am going as far as I can."

And then this sentiment, worthy of a soldier, "I am glad that I can do my bit for my country, and mother dear, if we don't win we won't come back."

Arthur, "the baby" of the family, had to spend his 21st birthday away from home, for he was doing office work and taking his share of drilling at the camp in Massachusetts. But he found that fellow feeling that

THE SILENT WORKER

EDITOR HODGSON'S NEW YEAR
EDITORIAL

Old Father Time has again completed his annual circle, with its weekly issues of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, and relegates our forty-sixth volume to the things that have passed.

Its record and chronicle of events have made up the history of the deaf of an unusually important year. Standing out in greatest prominence was the Centennial Celebration of the First School for the

makes the whole world kin was alive in the hearts of the New Englanders and a kind family in Lowell, with whom he had become acquainted, invited him to a Thanksgiving dinner and he had a big feed and a big time.

And with all this great sacrifice of his all and dearest, Mr. Smith finds words inadequate to express the daily suspense and heartache involved. But with real patriotism he says, "It is hard to have them all go, knowing what they have to face. But they are going to fight in a great cause, and whatever happens, we shall be resigned, if they only do their duty as brave and loyal American boys, which I think they are."

At a recent meeting of the Mid-West Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association the matter of some memorial to the late Dr. E. M. Gallaudet was discussed. There is no doubt that a memorial of some form is desired by the deaf of the country and the Mid-west Chapter decided to go on record as favoring immediate action in the way of preparatory steps, at least. Some difference of opinion developed as to the form of memorial favored, some believing a statue or monument preferable while others favored a memorial building. The matter was finally referred to a committee consisting of Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Dr. Olof Hanson and Mr. F. C. Holloyoway.

The chapter was entertained on January 5 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Michaelson in Council Bluffs and the committee reported as follows:

"Your committee begs to recommend that the Chapter present its views in the form of the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, The late Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, by his labors for and with the Deaf as champion of their cause, as an earnest worker in their welfare and on their behalf and as the founder of the only college for the deaf in the world, has endeared himself to the deaf of the entire world, and,

"WHEREAS, There can be no doubt as to the universal desire for a fitting memorial to perpetuate the memory of his distinguished services,

"Resolved, That, in order to bring the matter before the public, to invite discussion, and insure early action in the matter, the Mid-west Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association herewith set forth its views to the following effect, and offers suggestive plans for carrying them out:

1. That immediate steps should be taken to start the movement for some memorial.

2. That an arbitrary sum, say, \$15,000 shold be set as the goal and that this sum be appointed among the several states according to population.

3. That an organization be effected for apportioning raising the funds in each state.

4. That no money be asked for immediately but that pledges be secured from every deaf person in the country and the money so pledged be made payable at a certain time, say, five years after the end of the war.

5. That, inasmuch as the memorial should represent the entire deaf world including those interested in their welfare, a representative committee should be placed in charge of the whole matter and to this end we recommend that the trustees of the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund invite the N. A. D. to co-operate with them in raising and managing the fund."

It was resolved to give a copy of these resolutions to the press and to the Chairman of the E. M. G. Fund and the President of the N. A. D.

The Chapter, furthermore, by a vote of 16 to 5 declared in favor of a memorial building as the preferable form of memorial.

MARRIED

CONLEY-PHELPS

Mr. Robert Emmett Conley, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Mildred Fern, of Phelps, N. Y., were married on the 24th of last January. Mr. Conley distinguished himself a number years ago as a professional wrestler. Last year he was a supervisor of boys at the New Jersey School, resigning last June to accept a more remunerative position.

WESLER-HARTMAN

In Newark, N. J., Miss Sarah Hartman to Mr. Eddie Wesler, Saturday evening, December 22nd last, at New Amsterdam Hall. The bride is a recent graduate of the New Jersey School.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.—*La Rochefoucauld*

Draper, on account of ill-health, was an interested but passive spectator; and Mr. Spear was a live, vigorous and active participant in the convention at the High School Auditorium. More extended mention of the lives of Mr. Spear and Mr. Weeks will be made in a future issue of the Journal.

Dr. James H. Logan, of Allegheny, Pa., died in Bellevue Hospital, on December 9th, aged 74 years. He is ranked among the most distinguished graduates of Gallaudet College. He was a teacher of the deaf and a school principal during the first eleven years following his graduation from college. His most remarkable achievement while a school principal was the editing and compilation of "The Raindrop," a wonderful collection of useful knowledge, told in the most simple language in the form of short stories, which to-day can be found in the libraries of schools for the deaf everywhere. He was a microscopist, and for a time was demonstrator of microscopy in the Biological Laboratory of the Western University of Pennsylvania, in Allegheny.

Another deaf Pennsylvanian of high education and marked achievements as a professor in schools for the deaf, who passed away early in the year 1917, was James C. Balis, M.A., a product of Gallaudet College, who had been teaching in the Ontario Institution at Belleville, Canada, for a quarter of a century or more.

The year of grace nineteen hundred and seventeen has been prolific of great progress in organized work among the deaf. The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf has grown by leaps and bounds; the National Association has enlarged its roster, changed its officers, has adopted the "Howson plan," and is still doing good work for the welfare of the deaf; the State Associations, the religious, literary, and social organizations, each and all have gone steadily forward. And what is of high importance to the deaf, is the fact that their abilities are being recognized more and more by large corporations that are seeking their services, where heretofore they have rejected their pleas for a chance to show what they can do.

The deaf are earnestly fighting with the Nation in this great war that has for its object the freedom of all peoples and the elimination of autocracy from the world. They do not wield the sword or point the gun, or battle in the air as aviators; but they are fighting with Liberty Loan Bonds and in the food conservation. And "silent" ladies are knitting and sewing and helping the Red Cross.

And now a New Year stretches out before us. Let us make it replete with kind words, gentle thoughts and good deeds. Let us uphold the education and promote the general welfare of the deaf with greater zeal than ever before, remembering that every class of people, every State, is dependent upon the educated intelligence the wisely directed industry, the good character and loyalty of its citizens—for no community can be better than the people who compose it.

The great war in which we are all involved demands sacrifices from all alike. Those who may not fight must give of their substance, be scrupulously careful to guard against waste, and be cheerfully optimistic that right and the cause of liberty will surely prevail. Let us trust that the war is nearing its close and that victory may be ours—for if we are not victors we will be slaves.

"Our Father, grant that courage we may know;
That souls may grow beyond their confines past;
That righteousness may bring us peace to last;
That this Year, turning back to Thee, may show
Thy truth held fast."

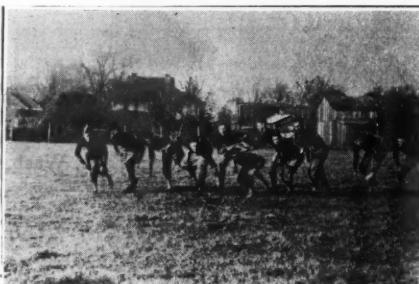
We extend to all our readers, to the deaf and the friends of the deaf everywhere, the sincere wish for
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Deaf Mutes' Journal.

NOTICE

The address of John Johnson, deaf-mute shoemaker, or the whereabouts of any of his relations, is desired by the undersigned who is very anxious to get into communication with some of them. Address E. C. Jackson, Neligh, Nebraska.

UNDEFEATED FOOTBALL TEAM, 1917
Alabama School for the Deaf



Deaf in America, founded by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, in the City of Hartford, Connecticut, on the 15th day April, 1817.

And, by a strange coincidence the year 1917 has marked the passing from the educational stage of the last of the Gallaudets. For one hundred years this family has been the most conspicuous by reason of eminent accomplishments in education, religion and philanthropic service.

Two distinguished hearing men, and three deaf men of great prominence, who were in Hartford during the Celebration last July, have been called to their eternal home.

The first to answer the final summons was Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution, who died on the 19th of August.

On the 26th of September Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., founder of Gallaudet College, sank into the sleep that knows no waking, at the ripe age of fourscore years and one.

Amos G. Draper, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of Mathematics and Latin at Gallaudet College for forty-four years, was taken from the world during the first week of November.

Anson R. Spear, manufacturer of patent envelopes of which he was the inventor, was stricken with apoplexy, and died almost instantly, on December 8th, while riding in a trolley car to be present at the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

William H. Weeks, a graduate of the New York Institution, Class of 1850, died suddenly, at his home in Hartford, Ct., on Thursday, December 27th, at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. Mr. Weeks was a teacher of the deaf for sixty-three consecutive years—the longest term of active service on record in the history of the education of the deaf.

The three deaf men above mentioned were at the Centennial Celebration. Mr. Weeks was one of the characters in the historical pageant, appearing in the role of a State legislator of a century ago; Dr.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH

THIS has always been the aim of this department to give everybody the square deal, and no injustice even where an unintentional one slips in is allowed to go if attention is called to it. In the last issue was told of the part played by a cowardly slacker who had been a worker (for a salary) in a cause intended to benefit the Deaf, and I stated that he told the officials he had no fear of being shot as a traitor, which I find was true, but I either misunderstood or was incorrectly informed as to his statement that he "would shoot himself if given the chance." He did, however, try to evade being called to the colors by asking deaf friends to sign a paper to the effect that his work was so valuable to the deaf that he could not be spared. Intelligent deaf men declined to perjure themselves in this manner.

A prominent oral school held a big public celebration last summer and one of the speakers was one of its star graduates, a professional man, who has been quite successful in his line. When he spoke, even hearing people in the front row could not understand, but when the proceedings were published it was found that among his remarks was one to the effect that he had never met a graduate of what he called a "combined school" who had ever made his mark in the world. Possibly this was true so far as he is concerned, as he does not go among the deaf, but it speaks for itself as a charming instance of a human being imitating the ostrich, after a manner of speaking.

Patriotic and commendable as can be was the action of a New York religious organization in passing resolutions of respect and sympathy on the passing of Prof. Currier and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. In the organization were many of Prof. Currier's old pupils and, too, some of Dr. Gallaudet's, as it was an organization of the Deaf taking fitting cognizance of the loss the deaf world sustained, it was eminently fitting and entirely proper to have the resolutions signed by deaf people—pupils of both the deceased educators. However, such was not the case, as the name signed was that of a hearing man, a salaried worker, who evidently has not yet learned that the deaf have been fighting paternalism of this kind for years. Hearing people who impudently assume that the deaf are unable to handle matters of this kind satisfactorily are due for a rude bump when the awakening comes.

In a recent issue of one of the I. p. f., side by side were the two articles reproduced herewith:

"In a town like——with so many opportunities for keeping in touch with an intelligent outside world it seems rather amusing to find provincialisms crop up; doesn't it?

I refer to the trick so many of the town people have of speaking of the children at this School as "the mutes." And sometimes they even refer to this school itself as "the deaf School."

Of course, the country people can be excused for not knowing that deaf children are by no means mute. (That word, by the way, means silent, and is not exactly applicable in the case of our boys and girls—who even have a School yell!) But for the town people, who have seen enough of our boys and girls to know that they may be deaf, but are by no means silent, it does seem odd that they should make such a silly mistake. It would be more grammatical—and truer—to say, "the deaf children" or "the School for the Deaf." It would also imply more intelligence on the part of the users of the above phrases.—Verbum sap.

Deaf School Now Has Moving Pictures

The pupils of the School for the Deaf at Cave Spring are much elated because the board of directors recently authorized Principal _____ to provide a moving picture show for the school and the equipment has arrived. The first picture

will be shown on Thanksgiving Day, following a sumptuous turkey dinner for the pupils.

It is said the deaf children enjoy moving pictures more than children not so afflicted and that this is especially true of the students of the School for the Deaf, as they have acquired the art of lip reading and can understand what the screen folks are saying.

The moving pictures will not only be used as means of affording pleasure to the students but also as a method of instruction. Films will be selected which illustrate events.—Herald.

It is a long time since the "deadly parallel" has been so effective. At the top the school paper complains of the ignorance of the towns people,—and along side of it reproduces an article from another paper that credits the children with being more apt than deaf children in other schools. It does not correct the statement that deaf children can read the lips of "movie" actors. Of course, now and then the densest of us deaf people can catch a word now and then, but there is no deaf person anywhere that can understand a speech from seeing it projected on the screen. In the first place there really isn't much speech in a movie play, for it is action that counts in the movies. Note this yourself when you go again and you will see a preponderance of things registered—not words. Chaplin, king of movie comedians rarely ever utters a word. A school for the deaf that aims to correct shortcomings among the residents of its town ought, at least, to tell them the truth as to the children's accomplishments, for it it doesn't, the townspeople won't be slow to find out for themselves that comparatively few, a negligible percentage, of deaf people can get anywhere if they depend on lip-reading alone.

The matter of calling it "the Deaf School" is a common fault everywhere and not so very blame-worthy, though the proper designation would be best.

But what can we expect of the hearing in their mistaken nomenclature when intelligent deaf people speak and write of "semi-mute." In the first place "there ain't no such animal," but the use of it persists. It was one of the things that struck me hardest, when at 17 years, just having lost my hearing and entering a school for the deaf I found I had, by deaf school classification, became a "semi-mute." I protested. All in vain. I couldn't hear, could I? No, I could talk could not I? You bet, and still do, with the best of 'em! Well, then, not being a **deaf-mute**, there wasn't any thing else for me to be but a semi-mute, was there? And my school still differentiates between the two to-day as they did then and the Annual Report still tells of semi-mutes where the world never had any such thing, for it is a self-contradictory term. Mute means speechless. Just as soon as a person can utter even one word the mute state vanishes. It may have been a handy way of differentiating in the by-gone days, but it hasn't the shadow of an excuse for being perpetrated in this day of enlightenment.

Now and forever, down with the impossible, idiotic, incomprehensible indecency that is at once an insult and an infamy as well as a heartless designation of a state that can not by any possibility exist, and using it as a classification media to differentiate between deaf people who can speak and those who can not, is a double indignity, first an indignity to the intelligence of the user and to those spoken of.

Out with it!!!

Some of the editors of the I. p. f. are having fun with the frequent misuse of the word **nee**, and none of them go to the trouble of telling those

who misuse it, wherein they offend. When the average chronicler in the papers for the deaf refers to a married woman as Mrs. John Jones, and wants her friends to be able to place her he (or she) usually adds **nee** Mary Brown, because the average writer thinks **nee** means "before marriage," instead of "born," and of course, the lady was born "Brown" and didn't get the "Mary" till she was christened.

There is a deaf man in New York as patriotic as any man any where. He does business down town and just before the holidays worked day and night. At midday his lunch time was very brief, but about 7 each evening he would walk a few blocks uptown and sit himself down to a good dinner at Mouquin's French restaurant, and take a good hour for it dining and reading his evening paper before going back for an added four hour toil. On one particular evening, he was enjoying himself in this manner, hands busy with knife and fork, and eyes on the folded paper when the waiter (who knew nothing of the diner's deafness) pushed his shoulder rather offensively, which caused the patron to look up in anger, when his eye caught sight of all the other diners standing and scowling too—scowling at the deaf man, who instantly comprehended. The orchestra was playing the Star Spangled Banner and every one at attention, and the deaf man lost no time in taking the proper attitude. At the conclusion of the anthem, he called the waiter and laying down the right sized coin, he told the waiter briefly that he was totally deaf and had been reading while eating and all else was oblivion and for the waiter to go and tell that to the nearby diners. And the waiter did so, and from the diners came expressive salutes and smiles of apologies that wiped away all their previous frowns.

But it was a narrow escape! In a less orderly place the deaf man might have been mobbed.

Just as in previous years, the roster of students at Gallaudet College shows the western deaf people in great preponderance. Some of the small western state schools have more representatives than the New England and Middle Atlantic states combined and that includes the Empire State with four big schools in New York and other big schools at Malone, Rome, Rochester and Buffalo. The effete East has good cause to hide its diminished head when one reads the list of Iowans, Kansasans and other of the Western states' list of collegians enjoying the higher education and all that goes with four years on Kendall Green!

I don't like to hide behind either the compositor or the proofreader, both of whom have handed this department some rude jolts in the last few issues, but that line "It could not happen to Laurens" in the biographical sketch of a young New Yorker, certainly did not belong where it was printed, and had to do with an entirely different matter, but the "copy" for last month's paper has been destroyed, and for the life of me I can't think what it was that I clipped and gave it the caption "It could not happen to Laurens."

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—Scott.

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—Flavel.



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A BLESSED PROFESSION

We have always regarded teaching as one of the most conducive of all occupations to longevity. An eight hour day, a reasonable amount of necessary exercise, the exhilaration of a mental pal-lulum, the assurance of one's position and enough to live on, the happiness of doing good, and, above all, the association with children and the imbibition of the joy that fills their little lives can not but result in long and happy life. The recent deaths of Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Currier, Dr. Draper, Anson Spear, William H. Weeks, James H. Logan, and James C. Balis, all in advanced years, give further confirmation to the oft-asserted truth that teaching is one of the most healthful as well as one of the most delightful of all the vocations one may engage in.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The closing of our school for the winter months was barely averted by our foresight in filling the big area-way around our industrial building with coal just before the shortage began. This action gave us a supply that, with what little we could add from time to time, carried us safely through the "cold spell." And such a spell few of us have ever experienced before. A thermometer hovering for weeks around zero, wind that shrieked night and day, pavements a perpetual glare of ice, with now and then a fierce storm to drive everybody in-doors; and to crown all, frozen pipes that shut off our water supply, and, in many cases, put our radiators out of commission, bringing about conditions that demanded large supplies of the "black diamonds," but conditions that prevented the bringing of sufficient supplies of coal to the centres. While schools all round us have been closing, we have gone serenely on with no thought of discomfort. But the end is not yet. Another month, may bring a change to the spirit of our dreams, and we shall not "crow until we are entirely out of the woods."

SNAP-SHOTS

There have been comparatively very few works, bearing particularly on the deaf, that have found their way into print. This, doubtless, has been due to the very limited demand there is for such a work, there being but a single deaf citizen in each fifteen hundred of the population, and the larger part even of this small number, being not great readers. Of the whole numbers of such books published but few possess real merit, and this makes the really meritorious work of the kind a rare bird and one to be greatly prized. In the select class may be placed "Snap-shots" edited by W. R. Roe, Ph.D., of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Derby, England, and published by Bemrose and Sons of Derby and London. It deals largely with the Derby school, giving its origin, outlining its work and presenting most interesting sketches of its graduates and the way they are conducting their various occupations, the whole illustrated with upwards of three hundred fine half-tone pictures. The work is so entertainingly written that it will be of interest not only to those who have been connected with the Derby school but to the deaf and their friends everywhere. Our only regret is that the work of printing the book and making the half-tone engravings could not have been done by the pupils of Dr. Roe's school.

A HIGH AUTHORITY

Dr. Benjamine Franklyn Roller has certainly tried to live up to the first part of his name. He was a farmer's boy who worked his way through DePauw University, graduating in 1898. In 1902, he took the degree of Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Medicine from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and later served as assistant to Professor B. C. Hirst, who held the chair of obstetrics at the Quaker University from 1902 to 1904. Dr. Roller became professor of hygiene and health at the University of Washington from 1904 to 1906. During this time he was also physical director at the Seattle Athletic Club. It was here Dr. Roller became interested in wrestling and took it up as a profession.

He was recently called by the State of New York as one of the best specialists in "traumatic localized amnesia." He is considered one of the best surgeons in New York City and has a reputation as a physician. A parent of one of our deaf boys recently remarked that there was no better friend to the poor among the doctors of New York.

Wrestling with Dr. Roller is like playing golf or fishing with other men. In a few days he will have a bout with Zabisco to determine the world championship. He is a great student, hard worker, and an athlete. Like Benjamine Franklyn, after whom he was named, he has made a great reputation in diverse lines. He is famous as a doctor, as a physician, as an expert in hygiene and dietics, he is one of the world's best known

wrestlers. The Silent Worker is very fortunate in having him for one of its correspondents.

WORTH WHILE

There is, among the educational magazines that come to our desk, just one that we usually read from cover to cover. It is a modest little pamphlet emanating from the Department of Public Instruction of our home state, and treating, as it does, the living issues of immediate interest, it is always a welcome visitor. The January number contains the letters of Dr. Calvin N. Kendall on "War Certificates" and "The Service Flag," and in addition articles on "The High Schools of the State," "The Installation of Dr. Savitz," "The Inauguration of Superintendent Chapman," "Revised Rules for Entrance to the State Normal Schools," "School Expenses," State Pensions for Teachers," "The Dedication of the Junior High School of Trenton," "The Conference on Educational Measurements," and "The Meeting of the Department of Superintendence in Atlantic City," constituting an issue that fully keeps up the reputation of the little magazine.

SOME UNDERTAKING

A committee appointed by the Chicago Boys' Brotherhood Republic is in quest of "the meanest, toughest, most vicious, and wickedest boy in the United States," the purpose being to use him in an experiment to prove that bad boys are the products of society and environmental influence. The committee proposes to leave Chicago the first of February on a tour of twelve of the largest cities in the country in search of this 100 per cent bad boy, who, when found, will be brought to Chicago, to live with members of the organization, who feel sure that in six months they can turn him into a 100 per cent good boy. That they will be able to find the boy they are going to look for, there is no doubt. They need scarce go farther than their own old town to do this. But if they succeed in the effort they are about to make, they will be accomplishing wonders indeed.

THE GARY SYSTEM

Some years ago, it was discovered that the whole educational system of our land, save in one little town in the Middle West, was a failure, and there was a mad rush, especially here in the East, to adopt the plan that had made Gary famous. The school authorities of New York were especially impressed with it, and a large number of the school-buildings were re-modelled so that it might be introduced. The system gradually grew and spread there until it had been adopted by quite a large proportion of the schools of the city. Then, however, came a revulsion of sentiment. Somebody found a few defects in the system. Others found some more. Finally a general hue and cry was raised, and the new mayor and the new Board of Education have decided to eradicate it "root and branch." Once it "could have stood against the world," now "none so poor to do it reverence."

SCHOOL and CITY



We are among the fortunate schools who yet have coal.

A complete new set of shades now adorn the hospital windows.

Lumps of coal are beginning to look almost like nuggets of gold.

When we got up on Tuesday morning our grounds looked like fairyland.

Marion Apgar says that Santa Claus never was so kind to her before.

Our Senior Basketball Team has had five victories and suffered five defeats.

Our new lead pencil sharpeners are most efficient and are great savers of time.

One of our little girls writing a sentence on "slowly," says "June comes slowly."

The Hon. John S. Amerman, father of J. Irving Amerman, is a frequent caller.

Philip Hughes cannot drink tea or coffee without sugar. Isn't that a misfortune?

The children are not yet done talking about the good time they had at Christmas.

Walton Morgan is one of the few boys who prefers the magazines to the newspapers.

Joseph Pepe is very happy over the circumstance that most of his presents were books.

An uncle of Elton Williams had the misfortune to lose his store by fire a short time ago.

The mid-winter examination is "on" and every one is wondering what the result will be.

There is no oversupply of coal and yet less sugar, but snow everywhere and in any amount.

Esther Woelper wants to know what the soldiers do when their trenches get full of snow.

The Silent Midgets play like middleweights when they get to going on the basketball court.

Among Salvatore Maggio's most prized Christmas presents was a silk scarf from his mother.

George Evans is our last arrival. His age is six; he is from Camden, and he is bright as a dollar.

Helen Bath's sister, Hazel, is having an enforced holiday because of a shortage of coal at her school.

We had a regular skating rink on the baseball diamond last week and everybody enjoyed it hugely.

During the holidays Joseph Whalen received a visit from his uncle whom he had not seen for eleven years.

Tony Tafro is the apple of Tony Tafro's eye, and so he ought to be for Danny is Tony's baby brother.

The happiest day of the week to Delia Southerd is the day that she receives her postal card from her grandma.

The appropriation bill and the local option bill now before our legislature are dividing the attention of our children.

A dead sparrow found in the yard, a few days ago, made a long and interesting lesson for Miss Hales' class.

A number of the little girls have received cards from Jessie Casterline. Jessie says she will be back in a few days.

Anna Robinson was the recipient of a pair of bedroom slippers and a pretty tie from her classmates, on her birthday.

James Davison spent a day with Bernard Doyle at Elizabeth, while at home, and had an enjoyable time talking over the past.

The stereopticon with its wealth of slides is working overtime. It illustrates pretty much everything that you can think of.

The children are taking great interest in the Palmer Method of Penmanship and many of them are making rapid progress.



"OUR NURSE"

Many of the children have relatives in the war camps and "over there," and these read with especial interest the daily war news.

Just as the boys get their pavements and walks clear of snow there comes another fall and they have all their work to do over again.

Our girls can shovel snow just as well as the boys, when there is a nice piece of smooth ice under it which they wish to use as a slide.

Samuel Brosniak's sister has not been working for some time owing to the fact that the pipes in the factory where she is engaged are all frozen.

Of all the gymnasium paraphernalia, Wm. Felts appears to enjoy the punching bag most. Perhaps if it could punch back he would not enjoy it so much.

Miss Cory spent her holidays on the farm of her brother in Alabama, and says she suffered as much from the cold as she ever did here in the north.

Esther Woelper took entire charge of Miss Wright's class for three days, during the absence of the latter, and proved herself a fine little teacher.

When one of the little boys was asked what he was making so many snowballs for, a few days ago, he said he was going to throw them at the Kaiser.

Miss Mary Wood was delegated to look after Red Cross interests in our school, and, so efficient was she, that in a very few days she had 84 numbers.

Katie Brigantie is recovering rapidly from her recent operation. She has returned home from the hospital and expects to be back at school in a few days.

A company of boys, under the command of Captain Parker Jerrell, has erected a large fort out in the boys' yard and is awaiting the approach of the Germans.

After seeing "The Silent Man" in motion pictures, Mrs. Markley told the story to the girls, who were as much interested in it as if they had seen it on the screen.

Mr. Sharp, Miss Tilson and Miss Brian make frequent use of the stereopticon and Underwood-Underwood slides to illustrate their lessons in geography.

The twenty-second of the month brought with it the heaviest snow of the year. There was a full foot of it, and the teachers had their own troubles getting promptly to school.

Between the workless days, the coalless bins around us and the sugarless coffee that people complain of, we are beginning to realize that we are in the midst of a pitiless war.

Miss Mackie's class has outgrown their schoolroom on the first floor and has been removed to the large west room on the third, where they have lots of space and every comfort.

Our Senior Basketball Team would like to have a game with the Goodyear team of deaf boys residing in Akron, Ohio, but we fear the distance is too great for us ever to come together.

While the hard winter has brought an unusual amount of sickness to the people in the outside world, our old-time condition of health is maintained here, and our infirmary is, usually, empty.

A fine lot of readers were added to our library the middle of the month. They vary from the simplest to the most advanced, and most of them are profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Catherine Mary Tierney never tasted turkey till last Christmas, when she enjoyed a nice big turkey dinner. It must have made Catherine Mary very sorry to think what she had missed.

Anna Robinson's mother had a birthday last week. She is, oh, never mind! You wouldn't believe it anyhow. She celebrated it by visiting Anna, and they had a most happy day together.

Alfred Kracht had an excellent reason for being late to school on Tuesday. He said he was so busy and so interested in his work in the printing office that he did not notice how the time was going.

Margaret Jackson says she got two baby cousins for Christmas presents, one born on the 21st and the other on the 26th. One of the prettiest presents received by Margaret outside of these was a handsome wrist watch.

When Raphael Cannizzaro entered the dining-room on his birthday he found a pretty little Chinese doll on his plate. Somehow he was not greatly pleased. May be he thought that dolls were intended more for little girls than for little boys.

One of the larger boys writes that he is not going to the "movies" with his mother anymore, for when he went with her a few days ago, the tears trickled down her cheeks during the whole performance.

The visit of our basketball team to South River was a somewhat disappointing one. They thought they would have a walk-over. There was a walk-over, but the other fellows had it by a score of 42 to 7.

Our Christmas party was the red-letter occasion of the year. A beautiful electrically lighted tree, all sorts of games and plays, and elegant candies made by Miss Koehler and her girls. Santa Claus himself was present and all combined to furnish an evening it would be hard to surpass.

Mr. Sharp gave the children a talk on Thrift Stamps and War saving Certificates last week and distributed blanks to those wishing to contribute. Already a number have started stamp cards, four in Mr. Sharp's class alone, and before the year is out the amount contributed by our little ones will be quite material.

THE SILENT WORKER

A nice question of law arose between two of our boys, a short time ago. The one threw a snowball at the other. The boy aimed at dodged and the ball went through a large window pane. When called to answer for it the boy who threw the snow-ball claimed that it was wholly the fault of the second boy, that if he had stood still it would have "plunked" him and the glass would not have been broken; but that he dodged and thus caused the glass to be shattered. Rather ingenious to say the least.

The following correspondence fully explains itself:—

Mr. John P. Walker, M.A.

Dear Sir:—At a regular meeting of the Cadet Officers' Society held December 19th, 1917, you were elected to honorary membership in the same, as an appreciation of esteem and gratitude, which we, the members of the Society feel that we owe to you for your long years of service and earnest efforts in our education and welfare.

Very sincerely yours
ROBERT H. VANSICKLE,
Secretary.

ROBERT H. VANSICKLE, Secretary.

Cadet Officers' Society.

School for the Deaf.

Trenton, N. J.

My dear Mr. VanSickle:—I would beg to acknowledge your notification, received yesterday, of my election as an honorary member of the Cadet Officers' Society of our school.

I assure you the notice gave me a great deal of pleasure, on every account. As an expression of your "esteem and good-will," it was greatly appreciated. As bringing me membership to so dignified and refined a body of our boys, it was an added happiness.

I would beg to extend my most sincere thanks to the members of the Society, and to say that I shall hope to merit the honor in every way.

Very truly yours,
JOHN P. WALKER.

NEWARK DEAF MUTES HOLD MASQUERADE

One of the biggest masquerade balls of the season was held under the auspices of the Newark Division, No. 42 of the Deaf and Dumb at the Kreuger Auditorium last night. Hundreds were in costume.

John M. Black, director of the division, was chairman of the arrangement committee, Joseph Blau was floor director and Philip Hoeing assistant.

The officers of the division are Charles Cascella, president; Mr. Hoenig, vice-president; Harry Redman, secretary; Julius Aaron, treasurer, and Benjamin Scharnski, sergeant-at-arms.—*Newark Ledger*, Jan. 6

The Silent Worker for November is an interesting number. It contains a writeup of some well-known former heads of schools for the deaf with fine portraits of nine, including Dr. E. M. Gallaudet; Philadelphia correspondence with two illustrations of the Pennsylvania convention; Holyoke Fraternal division engraving; Alex Pach's random talks about the Cleveland convention with a group photograph at the court house; two interesting pages of "Public Opinion" by Rev. J. H. Cloud, with portraits of four officers of the N. A. D.; a page and five illustrations on the Old World by Mlle. Yvonne Pitrois; article and illustrations from Alabama; interesting remarks on the institution exchanges; heart-to-heart talks by C. E. C.; Southern California with four illustrations; etc. Every deaf-mute should be a subscriber of the Worker. Its price is only 50 cents a year.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

MAKING IT PLAIN

"When a person is blind, his hearing is more acute," said the professor, explaining the law of compensation.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.—*Proverbs 27:10*

MIRAM BARD—FANNIE HAYCOX

Mr. and Mrs. Miram Bard are the most interesting people in Cleveland from the fact that they were the first couple married by the late Rev. Austin Ward Mann.

Mr. Bard was born in Portsmouth, Scioto County, Ohio, in 1853. He entered the State School for the Deaf at Columbus in 1868 where



MR. AND MRS. MIRAM BARD

he remained until the year 1874. He has a good position with the American Steel and Wire Company at Cleveland, having been employed there for twenty-three years.

Mrs. Fannie Bard, nee Haycox, was born in Ludlow, England in 1854. At the age of three and a half years she came to the United States. While enroute from England she was taken ill with brain fever, causing her deafness. She was admitted to the Institution at Columbus, Ohio, in 1866 and left school in 1875.

This interesting couple name among their teachers Fisher A. Spofford, Roswell Kinney, George Halse, John D. H. Stewart, Robert Patterson and Mr. Hubbell. Dr. G. O. Fay was their superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Bard were united in holy matrimony by the late Rev. Mr. Mann in South Euclid, Ohio (a suburb of Cleveland), in 1877. They are blessed with three sons: George P., a traveling salesman for the Fowler and Slater Photography Supply Co., Cleveland; Walter Howard, a salesman for the Jacob Laub Baking Co., Cleveland; Frank Roy working in a tractor factory, Cleveland. They are faithful communicants of St. Agnes' Mission for the Deaf, Cleveland. They attend services regularly whenever their health permits

GIRLS' KNITTING CLUB OF THE ALABAMA SCHOOL



DOING THEIR BIT

Josephine Harrell, Gladys Duff, Ollie Rollings, Bertha Johnson, May Nerly, Irvine House, Ann L. Lynch.

(Photo, by McFarlane.)

SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF IN INDIA

We are indebted to Mr. P. N. Venkata Rau, of Mysore, for the following list of schools for the deaf in India:—

Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School at Calcutta.
Deaf and Dumb School at Baroda.

Deaf and Dumb School, Mehsana, Baroda.
Institution for Deaf and Mutes, Nesbit Road, Byculla, Bombay.

Date's School for the Deaf, Kalabadevi Road, Bombay.

School for Deaf and Mutes, Ahmedabad.

Shushila Memorial School for the Deaf and Dumb, Lahore.

Deaf and Dumb School, Nagapour.

Deaf and Dumb School, Amaraoti.

Institution for Deaf-Mutes and the Blind, Mysore.
School for the Blind and Deaf, Palamcootah.

—The Teacher of the Deaf (British).

DEAF AND DUMB

Only the prism's obstruction shows aright.
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light,
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect rise:
Only by Deafness may the vexed love wreak
Its insuppressive sense on brow and cheek,
Only by Dumbness adequately speak
As favored mouth could never through the eyes.

—Robert Browning.

This poem was written in 1862 for a group exhibited that year, by Woolner, of Constance, and Arthur, the deaf and dumb children of Sir Thomas Fairburn.

The boy Arthur grew up and inherited the title—was well educated and an interesting and useful man-worker among the deaf of England. He was well known to the deaf of this country through the papers published at schools in England and America. He passed to his reward in 1915.



SIR ARTHUR H. FAIRBAIRN, Bart

An Irishman went in search of work to England, and when shown his room in the boarding house the landlady remarked:

"There's your bed, Pat, and there are two more to sleep with you, but they won't be in till late, so don't be alarmed."

"They're welcome," replied Pat. Before retiring Pat locked his bedroom door and during the night was awakened by great knocking.

"Who's there?" asked Pat.

"We are the lodgers. Open."

"No room for ye," replied Pat.

"How many of you are in the room?" they asked.

"Enough," said Pat. "There's myself, Paddy Murphy, a man come over from Ireland, a man looking for work, a man with a wife and six children, an' a Tipperary man, too." By this time they had fled.

The Indiana School for the Deaf has 61 stars in its service flag, which is going some, we aver.—*The Illinois Advance*.

THE HALIFAX DISASTER

By MARY ANNE MacLEAN



HALL we ever forget Thursday, December 6th, 1917? It dawned fair and mild but still there was a tang in the air. We were beginning our work and had little thought of the awful catastrophe that was drawing nearer.

The Norwegian ship, on Belgian Relief Service, called the "Imo," going out to sea collided with the French ship "Mont Blanc" loaded with four thousand tons of munition, including 580 tons of the deadly trinitrotetanol.

At the moment of the explosion I was in my room washing. All of a sudden there was a rumbling sound, something like thunder, and I was too busy to stop and investigate. Immediately came a great crash. I covered my head with my hands and stood perfectly still. The door on my right, though locked, was blown off the hinges and pitched to the other side of the room. The two large windows were wrenched out of place and the curtains which I had just washed and done up for Christmas were torn into shreds. All the pictures (about thirty) except four were thrown down, the floor being literally covered an inch deep with broken glass and broken plaster dashed from walls and ceilings. A shower of fragments of glass, both from windows and pictures, rained upon me. Strange to say, they did not injure me seriously, though I received about fifty slight cuts and about a hundred small pin scratches. The worst wound was in my neck which bled a good deal.

Looking out of the windows, I noticed that every house on the street was more or less damaged and some of our children running up Charles St. and a great many women, soldiers, men and children from the North end, where the devastation was worst, dragging themselves along, bleeding and making their way to drug stores, improvised hospitals and shelters. Such a pitiful sight! Vehicles of all kinds were carrying off the dead and dying and hundreds were left, when the warning came of another explosion, under burning buildings. One woman who was wrapped up with only a white sheet was running along at full speed. The effects of the explosion were felt more than 100 miles away and windows were smashed and roofs damaged at a distance of over fifteen miles.

"A German bombardment" was our one thought. It comforted our hearts to know that there would be no Germans chasing us and adding to our horrors.

The pupils were at prayers, the protestants in the assembly room, the safest place in the whole building as it happened, and the catholics in the girls' sitting room. The protestants rushed along the main hall and Mr. Fearon who met them hurried them

into the basement. The catholics rushed across the hall through one of the class-rooms, and jumped out on to the lawn. Many of them were cut from flying glass. Then we all assembled in the kitchen where Miss Wilson and Mrs. Hollands attended to our wounds. Only two boys needed medical aid and they were taken to Camphill Military hospital, accompanied by Miss Fearon. Soldiers entered the building, ordering everyone to hasten to the Common some distance south as another explosion was expected. We all went there with the crowd of other bleeding sufferers. The Common and Citadel were thickly covered with people. Many of the sick people were carried by their friends and laid on the cold ground. After standing on the Common I began to feel anxious about my sister who lives in the South end, so I went down town finding myself alone, not a pedestrian was in sight on the streets. Vehicles of all kinds were going to and fro. The huge plate windows of the Royal Print and Litho. Ltd, where Adeline was employed, were shattered and I was quite uneasy about her. So I hurried to St. Theresa's Home—her boarding place—but it was deserted when I entered it. Very little damage was done to the place, the floors were free from any debris but here and there chairs, vases and so forth were upside down. I went all over the house and found only one person—an old woman busily sweeping the floor in the attic. Afterwards I found out that the whole household had gone to the Park southwards. Looking at her face I knew it would be of no use asking for the information I wanted. Descending the stairs I met a tall stately gentleman who enquired for his mother, an invalid who had been boarding there for years. I was told afterwards that he had the top of his silk hat blown off at the time of the explosion while he was waiting for a car. The remains were still on his head. Then I called at the Infirmary. It was full of suffering people, many of them were on the floors in the halls and reception rooms. No, Adeline was not there. They told me to try the Y. M. C. A. opposite. So I walked across and Rev. Mr. Mulligan from Beford who met me, led me into a large room where the wounded were. He made enquires about my sister and brought me good news which relieved me. A young officer dressed my cuts and a lovely cup of tea was brought to me. There were four sufferers in the room. One of them was dead, I think, because a blanket was pulled over his face. Another had her head and face terribly cut and covered with black dirt or soot.

Then I went home and found our children enjoying their hurriedly prepared dinner of hot stew. They were on the common for nearly two hours when it

was officially announced that all fear of danger was over and all could return to their homes. After dinner, I had several willing boys to help me shovel out the debris. The others set to work to rescue everything that they could, but still many of them were afraid to go to the third floor because of the great damage and danger from falling walls and chimneys.

The morning after the explosion opened with a snowstorm and by the afternoon it was blowing a blinding blizzard. The girls were in the teachers' sitting room trying to warm themselves over the oil stoves, as the furnace was out of order and the smaller boys were in the kitchen. The older boys helped to board up the windows of the basement with tar-paper, etc. We had all our out-door things on all the time. We slept on mattresses on the floor in the basement. The snow piled up in the rooms through broken windows and covered the beds and clothing. The following day, the cold was intense, the mercury showing several degrees below zero. What a task we had shovelling the snow out!

The third day—Sunday—it rained very hard and made things worse than ever. After breakfast it was reported that our building had caught fire from a live wire. I hurried the children upstairs telling them that there were teams coming for them and they all hastened to the teachers' sitting room. When they saw the fireman at the door they realized that there was a fire somewhere. One of the small girls tried to slip upstairs to gather her treasures. Fortunately it was a false report.

Soon we were all taken to the Academy of Music and from there we were portioned out to different temporary homes in the city.

At the time of the explosion the attendance was 81. By Saturday it was reduced to 38, the rest being taken home by their relatives who had come for them.

Our building is comparatively very large, being four hundred feet long, four stories high and situated on the top of a hill overlooking the Harbour where it received the full shock of the explosion. It has between three and four hundred windows and not a piece of glass as large as your hand was left intact. The rooms on the east side suffered more damage than those on the other side. A large piece of the roof caved in and the tops of three chimneys were blown off. The huge pine beams supporting the roof were split and cracked and the pitched part of the roof had here and there gaping holes.

The damages will amount to at least \$30,000. We trust that before the summer is over, the building will be completely renovated.

[The above refers to the School for the Deaf.—Ed.]

RESOLUTIONS

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
FARIBAULT, MINN., Dec. 20, 1917.

THE SILENT WORKER,
School for the Deaf,
Trenton, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—I am sending herewith a copy of resolutions adopted by the Executive Committee of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf.

WHEREAS, Our friend and co-worker, Anson Randolph Spear, has been taken from our presence, and,

WHEREAS, The Minnesota Association of the Deaf has lost its honored President and one of its most zealous members, a man who led in progressive thought and had the courage of his convictions and the energy to put his ideas into execution, be it

Resolved, That the Minnesota Association of the Deaf place upon record its deep sense of loss that it has experienced and that our sympathy be tendered to Mr. Spear's children, and, be it further.

Resolved, That these resolutions be subscribed by each member of the Executive Committee and for-

warded to the family of our departed friend, and that copies be sent to the *Companion*, *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* and the *SILENT WORKER*.

Yours very truly,
V. R. SPENCE,
Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF

NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1917.

DEAR SIR:—The following resolution was adopted at the meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held October 17:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf express its sorrow at the death of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet and Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, both men whose life-long aim was the advancement of the welfare of the deaf, their education and advancement in life.

Yours very truly,
ALBERT J. AMATEAU,
Executive Director.

Like the needle to the North Pole, the Bible points to heaven.—R. B. Nichol.

AS OTHER SEE US

The deaf of the nation must feel grateful that the Silent Worker has gone back to its old form as the only illustrated magazine for the deaf in the world. The columns conducted by Alexander Pach have always stamped him as a man of letters, while those of Mrs. Alice Terry come as a sweet perfume from out of the vulgarity of egotism, too often noted in the writings of others: Mrs. Terry has consistently devoted her talents to the uplifts of the deaf. She shares with her husband an enviable reputation among the writers of the deaf world.—*California News*.

The Silent Worker for December is the best number of that paper that has appeared for some time, if it ever was as good. In the current issue it truly appears as a paper "by and for the deaf" in happy contrast to a number of other publications that vainly try to interest the deaf because they are not published in their interest.—*The Messenger*.

There are three things in speech that ought to be considered before some things are spoken—the manner, the place and the time.—*Southey*.

N A D F R A T I E S

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

WILL the end of the war see a sudden inundation of Impostors, and of real deaf beggars and peddlers? The teacher of the day school for the deaf in St. Paul has been engaged by the Canadian government to instruct 5,000 returned Canadian soldiers who have lost their hearing through shell shock, and through the violent detonations of the heavy guns in Europe. There are said to be 15,000 deaf soldiers now in England alone, yet the end of the war is not in sight. How many more permanently deaf soldiers there are in the other warring countries there is no telling, but the total must be enormous.

When so many men are thrown out of their customary pursuits through inability to hear, will not an alarming percentage turn to peddling or to downright begging as a means of livelihood? How is the Impostor bureau to differentiate between the true and the false? Old methods of detection will mostly go by the board, and judges will naturally be inclined to be lenient with those who claim to have lost their hearing for their country's salvation. What will we do then?

The Director of the Impostor Bureau confesses himself stunned by the astounding figures, and at a loss as to the most effective means of preparing to combat such a far-reaching evil.

As a first measure it would appear the best thing we can do is to secure the passage by Congress of H. R. 244, the bill creating a bureau for the deaf and dumb in the Department of Labor. This bureau will ascertain what trades are most effectively filled by the deaf, and try to secure opportunities for them. Every reader of the Silent Worker is urged to clip the petition at the bottom of this page, secure the names of all the influential citizens he or she knows, and mail it to his or her Congressman **at once**. Time is precious, every day may count. We—you and I—must meet the difficulties of the future, and we—you and I—owe it to ourselves and to our fellow citizens to lessen those difficulties as far as is possible.

DON'T BE A SLACKER. DO YOUR BIT.

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To a visitor from the Wild and Woolly West nothing is more inspiring than the sight of the 150 members of Chicago Division Number seven in council assembled, with the keeper of the keys duly guarding the dread door behind which are held the secret mysteries of faithful fraternalism. The amount of business disposed of in one short night is enormous. At the December meeting 31 applicants were voted on favorably, 10 being residents and the remaining 21 coming from states having no organized division.

Division treasurer Rowse's masterly handling of the long line of dues payers—he collects over \$400 mostly in small change, at every meeting—was a revelation. Grand Secretary Gibson is a common private in his home division, but having the best ideas of the other 60 divisions at his fingers ends is able to suggest the most up-to-date methods of meeting every emergency, and his words are listened to and treasured as those of the Delphian oracle. The spirit of disinterested sacrifice for the common good was well illustrated when the new division president, John D. Sullivan, asked permission "to forget to draw his salary" of two dollars a month, as the rent of the large meeting hall had been raised to \$10 a night and retrenchment was needed.

Chicago has a great division and some great fraters.

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Chicago Division with greatest precision
Disposes of matters of state;
Each happy young Frater grows fatter and fatter
And glows in his glory elate.
I've seen many others—big bands of good
brothers—
But (please paste this "pome" in your hats)
Where e'er you may meet 'em or glimpse 'em or
greet 'em
You'll find that the best are all Frats.

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Impostor Chief John D. Sullivan, of Illinois, claims to have in his possession some twenty different cards and circulars taken from panhandling "mutes," which bear one singular similarity. Every one of them has the Union label followed by the figures "148," which represents the printing office turning out the product. Furthermore every one of these Union labels has had the name of the city so blurred, presumably by a blow from a chisel, that it is undecipherable; consequently it is impossible to trace the clique.

Young Sullivan further states that he has noticed most of the "mutes" peddling and begging in Illinois also claim to come from Milwaukee, a hundred miles up the lake shore. This, in his opinion, proves conclusively there is some kind of school or "ring" there. The N. F. S. D. Division in Milwaukee will be asked to investigate and do what it can to trammel out this stronghold of "deaf" bolsheviks.

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The N. F. S. D., in sending a Christmas present of \$87 to John Cloud, now driving in the Verdun sector the ambulance purchased by the deaf themselves last June, demonstrates in irrefutable measure that their broad brotherhood embraces friends of high and low degree.

A PETITION

To the Congress of the United States Assembled:

We the undersigned, voters in your district, respectfully beg you to use all possible efforts to secure the enactment of H. R. 244, by Rep. Baker, of California, creating a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Department of Labor.

There are 5,000 soldiers in Canada who have lately lost all sense of hearing from shell shock and the detonation of the big guns. There are 15,000 such deaf soldiers in England alone. The 64,000 deaf-mute citizens of the United States are eager to have the proposed Bureau well organized and in a position to render prompt and efficient aid when the hosts of newly deaf Americans return from the battlefronts in France. The deaf-mutes alone know what a handicap deafness is, and realize that only Federal aid will enable our afflicted soldier sons to be a help, not a hindrance, to the greatest nation on earth.

NAME	ADDRESS	NAME	ADDRESS

Most of the American ambulance drivers in Europe are independently wealthy and do not depend on a monthly salary of \$20 as does this son of the president of our N. A. D., and leading member of St. Louis Division.

For necessary expenses Young Cloud has had to shine shoes and do odd jobs after working 24-hours stretches driving the wounded in and out of areas under bombardment, and the contributions of the various Frat divisions towards John K. Cloud's Christmas present represents wealth untold to the poor, lonely boy who daily keeps a rendezvous with sudden death.

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The Latest Rumors About Prominent Chicago-Nad-Frat:—

They say that J. E. Purdum wears B. D. V.'s in January,

Also that A. M. Hinch wears logger's boots with his tuxedo,

Likewise that A. I. Libenstein puts mittens on the hands of his watch to keep them warm,

And C. E. Loughran has to thaw out the ink in his fountain pen every time he writes a check for a million dollars,

While A. J. Novonty has a miniature Thermos-bottle built into his false tooth to keep his mouth warm,

And the last time Glenn Smith wrestled his shoulders froze to the mat so they required six men with crowbars to pry him loose,

And the Rev. G. Flick had his jeweler replace the big diamond in his scarf pin a priceless lump of anthracite.

We hear that E. Rowse goes to church on a ski, [Has he only one leg?—Ed.]

And his chum, F. P. Gibson, grumbles that while General Sherman was right about war we need some of that heat in Chicago,

While W. Barrow admits Hades has one advantage in this weather.

They say H. W. Buell, Jr., uses icicles for toothpicks,

And that when H. F. Witte met the auto bandits now terrorizing the South Side, he perspired so profusely that stalactites a foot long froze to his forehead.

Likewise H. M. Leiter's cigar froze to his mouth and they used two sticks of dynamite to blast it loose.

And P. Belling wears three suits of wool underwear, two sweaters and an overcoat when he goes to bed.

They say so.

But possibly these rumors are slightly exaggerated, although Chicago is so cold one could well believe them.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Some Sons of Deaf Parents in the War Service

I

They are there—our husbands, lovers,
Where grim death forever hovers,
Near the bravest heart;
There 'mid roar and steel's harsh rattle,
Fighting Freedom's holy battle,
There in France apart.



Earle A. Bigelow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow, enlisted for Naval Reserve Band at Kingham, Camp Kingham, Mass.



Sergeant James F. Donnelly, Jr., of the supply train of the 23d Regiment of Brooklyn (now the 106th); son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Donnelly, of Richmond Hill, N. Y. Was a member of the "Silk Stockings" before the Texas campaign and went to Pharr with his regiment, where he was promoted to the supply train; when regiment was sent to Spartanburg he was made a sergeant and placed in command of an important unit. Youngest officer on supply train, being 20 years old.

II

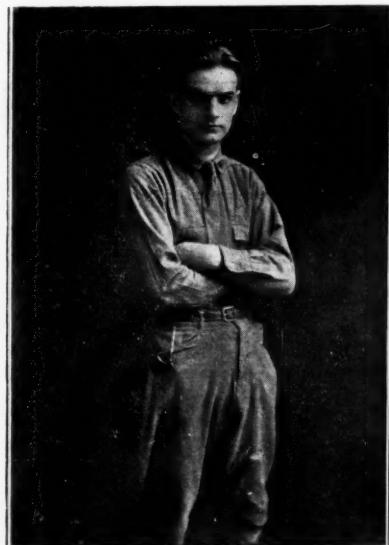
They are there—our sons and brothers,
They are there, among the others,
Answering duty's call;
Some will lead their men to glory,
Over fields shell torn and gory,
Some in France will fall.

IV

Speed the longed for, prayed for hour,
When black tyranny shall cower,
At a glance;
Then, oh God, bring back our near ones,
Bring our loved ones and our dear ones,
Safe home from France.
Abbie Hill Heritage, in Minneapolis Journal.



Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Stengel, of Plainfield, N. J. Has been in the Navy for ten years, starting as 1st class Yoeman, now 13 Paymaster. He is a perfect image of his father.



Private Cyrus Merrell, Class A, Reserves, Balloon Aviation Corps, at the present time stationed at Omaha. Mr. Merrell is a Cornell man, a resident of Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis. His father, the late A. N. Merrell, graduated from the Illinois School. His mother, Mrs. Mattie Hutchinson Merrell, is a sister of Commander Hutchinson of the U. S. Navy

III

Ye who sit in cozy corners,
Ye who stand among the scorners,
And the weak beguile,
Hush your traitor lips seditious,
Cease your lying tales fictitious,
Think on France awhile.



WALTER B. GEORGE
U. S. Navy at San Diego, Cal, age 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. George, Portland, Ore.



Orvis D. Dantzer of Company F., 314th Regiment at Camp Mead and his father, Rev. C. Dantzer
(To be continued)

THE SILENT WORKER

THE SPICE BOX

BY HARRY E. STEVENS.



I would take care of my health. I wouldn't overeat. I would go through a few setting-up exercises, morning and evening. I would get at least eight hours sleep every night. I would confine all my drinking to water—lots of it.

I would read at least two hours every day—would read the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" at least once every two years.

I would pay cash for everything. I wouldn't contract any obligation unless I had the money in the bank to meet it. Credit is a good servant but a bad master.

I would try to do my job a little better than it was ever done before. If I were shining shoes, I would give the best shine in the city. If I were keeping books, I would get out my monthly balance promptly even though I had to work overtime.

I would cultivate a hobby—something to which I could turn in my moments of leisure.

I would start a bank account and deposit to my credit a definite amount every pay day. I would let nothing interfere with this habit. As my savings began to accumulate into a tidy sum I would be cautious about investing it, without asking the advice of a responsible person.

I would value friendships highly, remembering that it is to one's friends one must turn when one is in trouble, and that friends cannot be created overnight.

I would organize myself, having a time and a place for everything so far as possible. When I made up my mind to do a thing I would write down my resolution, and follow myself up to see that I carried it out.

I would read the daily newspapers of my town carefully in order that I might know what was going on. I would take interest in civic affairs, and try to vote intelligently. I would boost my town—or get out. Every citizen helps to make a town what it is, good or bad.

I would always be a booster for my employer—or get out. An employee who knocks his employer is as bad as a guest who steals from his host.

I would aim high on the theory that what others think of us is determined to a large extent by the estimate which we form of ourselves.

—*The Latch String.*



Ten years before the Colonists started their long fight for independence, anthracitic coal was discovered near Philadelphia by James Tilgham of that city.

He sent a small piece of the mineral to Thomas and William Penn of London, saying that he believed the bed of coal might become valuable some day.

In 1800, an enterprising pioneer by the name of William Morris, brought a load of stuff into Philadelphia, making the journey of 100 miles from the mine.

But he couldn't find a purchaser.

People called it "rock" coal, and said it wouldn't burn.

About this time a salesman got on the job, or rather three salesmen, named Miner, Ciest and Robinson.

In August, 1813, they started and "ark", laden with coal, from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia.

On their arrival in the Quaker City, they went to the first printer they could find and ordered handbills printed in both English and German. These handbills told about the qualities of hard coal, and said it was being used with success by blacksmiths.

On the street corners in the city, the three salesmen set up stoves and demonstrated to the crowds that the coal would burn. They sold

their entire cargo and obtained orders for three or four more.

One hundred and one years after this business venture, the Geological Survey reports that Pennsylvania produced 88,995,061 tons of anthracite coal.

Some authorities say that coal beds in Pennsylvania will continue to yield another century, at the present rate of production.

After that the world can turn its attention to the supply in China, which after careful study is estimated at 63,000,000,000 tons.

—*The Latch String.*



The sense of hearing plays a far more important part in forming active judgment that is at first apparent. We all judge a man by the sound of his voice, not only over a telephone but in a face-to-face meeting.

Out-fielders in a professional ball club say that the first element in judging a "fly", not only as to direction but distance also, is by the crack of the bat; that they often start to run forward or backward, and in the right direction, before they actually see the ball.

The judgment and action of mechanics are based upon sound quite as much as upon sight.

The head pressman of a big newspaper will be seated at his desk reading a newspaper. Two or three quadruplex presses will be in full operation. Suddenly a strange note will enter into the general roar, when the head pressman will get up, go directly to a certain part of a particular machine, make an adjustment and hardly without looking at what he is doing.

An experienced repair man in a loom room of a woolen mill will know exactly what is the matter with one out of 50 looms before he gets to it.

We go into a garage with something the matter with an automobile. The repair man starts the engine and listens. The ear is just a station of one route to the brain.

The degree of training for a certain occupation is the degree to which all its actions are reduced to simple understanding.

Desire, will, experience, bring into action those faculties which supply the least resistance,

It becomes simpler for men in certain occupations to use their ears than their eyes.

Faculties become active with use, inactive with disuse.

Reducing an occupation to the matter of simple understanding is like learning your way about

a strange town. With knowledge, gained by experience, we go directly and quickly to places that formerly consumed time and effort in reaching.

With the will in full action we bring all senses and faculties into action for the end desired.

—*The Latch String.*

THE EMPLOYER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

Rule I.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

Rule II.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short and a day's short work makes the face long.

Rule III.—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you will increase my profits.

Rule IV.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule V.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employe who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII.—It's none of my business what you do at night, BUT if dissipation affects what you do next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule X.—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

—*Bilcho.*

THE CHICKEN

—It pays.

—You eat its eggs.

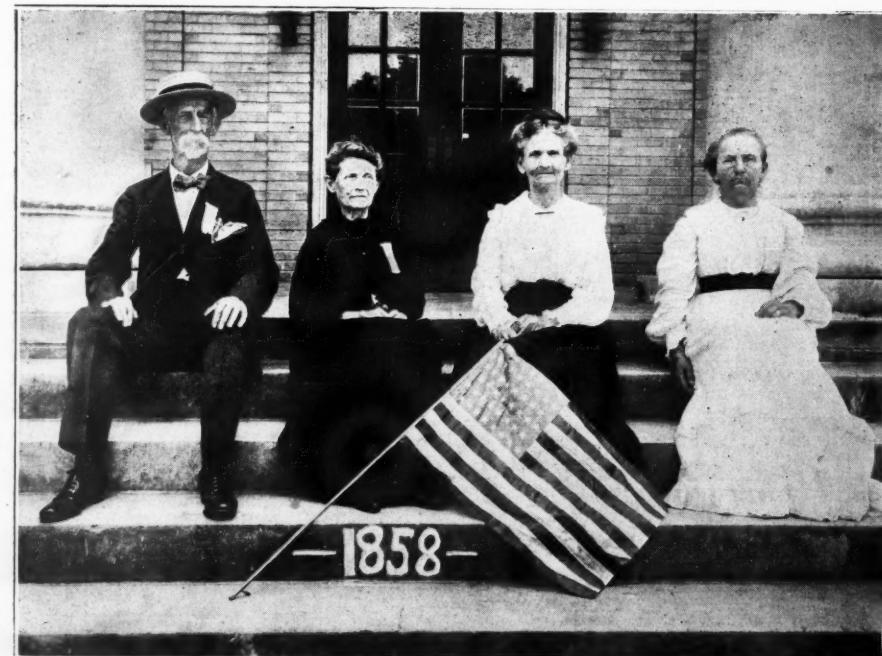
—You have its company.

—And early rising is a virtue.

—It wakes you in the morning.

—Just make it a house and there you are.

Printing Instructor J. L. Meagher has resigned from the Washington School at Vancouver and is succeeded by Mr. J. E. Skoglund who was transferred from the literary department.



THE OLDEST OF THE ALUMNI OF THE ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
Left to right—W. S. Johnson, Miss M. E. Toney, _____,

THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



N the November issue of this magazine we find the following:

"The Combined System seems doomed. Popular clamor is too much for us. As loyal citizens we can only give our hearty support to the new order of things as they are, and aid the heads of schools in their difficult task. Pig-headed opposition will make matters worse; and retard, not advance, the welfare of the rising generation."

It is singular that those words should come from one of the most active members of the N. A. D. Brother Meagher should realize that this is not the time for a swan song. The American deaf are only 100 years old, have just rounded the first lap of their career. They are still children, and another century will find them lusty youngsters.

Naturally enough, children are easily discouraged. 'Tis true that the death of Dr. Gallaudet and of Dr. Currier and the removal of Dr. Clarke are enough to affect us even were we in the manhood of our career; still let us, as far as possible, avoid giving too free rein to sentiment and to gloomy premonitions. Rather let us trust to reason, which regrets those sad happenings and at the same time regards them as a signal for us American deaf to rely more and more on ourselves. We have long habituated ourselves to look up to the hearing for help, just as a child looks up to its mamma; but as we are beginning to feel our pants getting tighter and that soon we'll have to wear trousers, their help now is not so much needed as before. For the rest, we must work out our destiny.

Thank goodness! the present head of the N. A. D. is a consistent old warrior. Dr. Cloud is the same now as twenty years ago. Why? You may assure yourselves that as soon as the pure oralists succeed in overturning the rock upon which Dr. Cloud has long stood, he will then change his mind. But they haven't and they cannot. They might as well demonstrate that a part is greater than a whole. The president of the N. A. D. recognizes the usefulness of oralism as a part of any deaf-educational system, and there's an end to the matter. Beyond that point democracy ceases and autocracy exists.

As loyal Americans, we cannot give support to anything smacking of autocracy. You will please remember that I am not hinting at any particular method. If it happens that, instead of the professors of the oral method, those of the "sign" method conduct themselves along autocratic lines, then rest assured you'll find me on the oralists' side. I am fighting for justice and

for democracy in deaf-educational matters, irrespective of any method. Rendered in figurative language, the present situation is that of a fat boy on one end of a seesaw and two little lean fellows on the other end; the first being too heavy and too horribly fat, equilibrium is not maintained, and we are bound to throw our weight on the side of the lean fellows.

The writer of "Nadfratities" advises us to reckon with popular clamor. Let's see. There is little or no doubt that when P. T. Barnum said that "the public likes to be humbugged" he had the circus in mind. But the circus is no serious affair. The education of the deaf, on the contrary, is a serious matter. You may then be reasonably certain that the public will not tolerate being humbugged on a serious matter. Now, if you do not call selecting from among the pupils of a deaf school, as is usually the case, those who had considerable hearing experience and who could talk before they were taught, and exhibiting them before the public ear as products of oralism—if you do not call that "humbugging the public," pray, sir, what is it? And if public sanction is moulded by such means, must we bow down to it? You, sir, may do so at your pleasure. As for yours truly, he won't. He believes that the public takes those exhibitions on good faith; and he believes that if the facts are given fairly and squarely, popular clamor will present a different sort of music. At any rate, it will not sound like the German band.

It is puzzling that the gentleman who said "I confess that I should like to see every school for the deaf a purely oral school" should have said a little further back, "I am not opposing the combined system." This gentleman claims that he does not object to the combined system in so far as it is free from what he calls its "commingled" element. Hear him again: "This oral method without a speech environment is no more the oral method than would be air without oxygen. Remove the oxygen, and air becomes an entirely different thing with different properties and changed powers." Let me test his idea.

In the first place, we Americans are a commingled race. But to attend to our subject, which is the education of the deaf; I will grant that in order to get full measure out of the oral method a speech environment or atmosphere is essential. Yes, I mean that the pupils should speak only and be spoken to only and that no other method than the oral should be used in an **oral department**. But I object to the pupils staying in such a department all the time. Let them stay there a few hours every day and then put them into a "sign-manual" department. To make them stay in one department all the time is like making them eat meat all the time; they also need potatoes, etc.

The gentleman doesn't propose to put his "successful" pupils into any other department than an oral one. Only the "unsuccessful" ones are to be put into other departments. We wonder

what would happen to these "unsuccessful" candidates if the school were a purely oral one, such as the gentleman confesses he would like to have every school for the deaf be. And what happens to the "successful" pupils when they leave school? Ere long they find themselves enjoying a sort of a neuter gender position in society—neither perfectly at home among the hearing nor among the deaf. Should they finally flop into deaf society, as is most always the case, they find themselves obliged to learn the sign language but with alas! with great difficulty; whereas during the school period, especially the earlier part thereof, they could have learned it with ease, and at the same time not lose any of their oral ability.

I hope that I do not misunderstand the gentleman. He means that oralism as is taught in the combined schools at present is sort of an air-without-oxygen form of oralism. Maybe so. But what is air itself? Air is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, nitric acid, ozone, aqueous vapor and organic matter. A pretty commingled substance, eh? But really the gentleman seems to talk rationally in proportion as he talks chemically. He doesn't imply that he would give us an oxygen-alone education, though he does seem to mean such in terms other than chemical. For doesn't he favor an oral-alone education? doesn't he reject the sign method and the manual alphabet method, two other elements necessary to an education for the deaf?

Another claim of the pure oralists is that signs are a hindrance to their work. So much the better. If we should be free from all hindrance we will go corrupt. The English government is divided into king, Lords and Commons. Each acts as a check on the others, and all are thus kept within proper bounds. Moreover, the perpetual state of contention, the mental wrestling, produces strength, keeps everyone in trim and prevents corruption. If the pure oralists wish to rule absolute they will either go corrupt or find themselves confronted with a Magna Charta. Even if we deaf are wrong in principle we still have a good pretense for opposing the pure oralists; at all events, we will prevent them from going corrupt.

The trouble with Diogenes the Cynic when he went about with a lantern at daylight in search for a man was, he couldn't find anyone like himself. What's more, if all the Greeks were Diogenes, there would be no Plato, no Pericles, no Phidas and no Parthenon; everybody would be contented to dress in rags and live in a tub. Yet Cynicism is a very interesting phase of Greek philosophy; it still has its uses—it serves to keep many from John Barleycorn and from going the German route. So you see every thing has its uses. Oralism is a useful thing; but if it prefers to go the German route it had better head for Germany. If, however, it prefers America, it must tolerate other methods and learn American manners. He who denies



The Family of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beck of Livingston, N. J., July 22, 1917.



The Beck Party at the Farm of Mr. and Mrs. Beck.

rights to others establishes a precedent that will reach to himself.

Here's some interesting reading for the pure oralists from one of the greatest thinkers of all time. Herbert Spencer wasn't thinking of the deaf at all when he wrote the following: "How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs. To say 'Leave the room,' is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, 'Do not speak.' A beck of the hand is better than, 'Come here.' No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words." Thus Spencer. And we may add that the sign language as used by the deaf is capable even of communicating ideas of the difficult or complex order.

The combined system is here to stay. It has enough vitality to glide through a thousand years. Euclid is over two thousand two hundred years old and still as modern as ever. "The whole is greater than any of its parts," says geometry, the most reliable of the sciences. The combined system is greater than any of its parts, we echo and re-echo.

* *

John Barleycorn.—Hey, boy, what are you going to do with that nickel in your hand. Come, gimme it.

Jersey Deaf-Mute—Scat!

J. B.—Good! I never heard a deaf-mute say "cat" so well. But that coin—

J. D.—Is mine, and I am going to put it into the Weston Jenkins fund.

J. B.—Why? What for? (Ironically) I suppose you will get something in return. (Offering him a glass). Give me your coin and I'll give you this.

J. D.—I tell you, NO. You grew my belly and he grew my brain. And I don't want to buy new clo'és all the time to keep apace with my girth.

J. B.—Listen, boy. I also grow speech, which is very important to the deaf. I put wit into your head and make your tongue wag eloquence, Bashfulness flees before me and I put a stop to stammering. In short, I make you talk confidently to everyone you meet.

J. D.—Enclose si legdon. Nad ti si lal het mero legdon fi eno duglensi ni wol nad varglu klat schu sa oyu dulow ahew em.

J. B.—What do you mean? Are you talking Turkish?

J. D.—You're half right; I was merely talking. Didn't I use my voice and my tongue?

J. B.—You say the very truth.

J. D.—But to translate, or rather to transpose, those anagrammatic words into plain English, I mean: "Silence is golden. And it is all the more so if one indulges in low and vulgar talk such as you would have me." By Nick, I shan't part with mine nickel. I'll quick to one of the Jenkins fund committees before the Russians come around again to help—

J. B.—Stop there! Indeed is it true? Did you say the Prussians are coming to help us? Oh, oh, the Prussians, the Prussians, they're coming, the Prussians! Why, boy, the Prussians are my best patrons; and you can do them no better honor than by placing that nickel in my hands.

J. D.—Good Night.

* *

It seems as if the only army the deaf will ever be permitted to join is the Salvation Army.

* *

When Miss Fannie Bass showed Miss Anna Campbell through the State Normal Schools located here in Trenton and at which she is a pupil, Anna was very much impressed with the place. Miss Bass is the only deaf pupil over there and expects to graduate this month.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Our readers are invited to contribute to this department suggestions and recipes that they have found useful and economical in practice.



MRS. ELEANOR RECORD SIGEL
(Our Cooking Editor)

Mrs. Eleanor Record Sigel, formerly Miss Eleanor Record, one of the best known teachers in New York State, was connected with the Educational Department at the St. Louis exposition, 1904. She later married Franz Sigel, son of General Franz Sigel, of Civil War fame and has one son who bears the same name. Mrs. Sigel is the author of more than one cook book and is one of the best known writers on matters pertaining to cooking for the leading magazines, such as the Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal, etc. The Silent Worker is very fortunate to have her as one of its contributors. She has prepared recipes for this column under the title of "One Who Likes to Cook". Mrs. Sigel is doing considerable work in New York State for the food administration. Both she and her husband are devoting all their spare time to the cause of the war. The son has the military proclivities of the grandfather as indicated in this picture.



FRANZ SIGEL JR.

COOKING RECIPES

(By one who likes to cook)

Cream of Potato Soup

3 good sized potatoes	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper
1 pint boiling water	
1 slice of onion	1 quart milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery	2 tablespoons butter
1 bay leaf	2 tablespoons flour

Pare good sized potatoes; cover them with boiling water, boil 5 minutes, drain and throw away the water; cover them again with 1 pint of freshly boiled water, add a slice of onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped celery, 1 bay leaf and $\frac{1}{2}$ spoonful of black pepper, cover and cook until potatoes are tender and will go through a colander. Put 1 quart of milk in a double boiler, add 2 tablespoons of butter and 2 tablespoons of flour rubbed together. When smooth and creamy add potato, stir for at least five minutes. Press through a fine sieve, reheat and serve.

Shrimp Wiggle

Put into the saucepan 2 tablespoons of butter and 1 of flour. When melted and blended add gradually 1 cupful of milk, stir until smooth and thickened, add a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, and 1 cupful of shrimps, canned or fresh carefully washed and cleaned. Lastly add 1 cupful canned peas and serve.

Chicken Pie

Cut up an uncooked chicken, boil in a small quantity of water till it is tender, removing the scum while it is boiling. Place a rim of pie paste around the upper edge of a pudding dish. Put in the chicken, season with pepper and salt and butter, cover with a thick crust. Be sure there is an opening in it. Bake until light brown, thicken the liquid the chicken was boiled in with a little flour, season to taste and let it boil up. Send to the table in a gravy boat to be served with the pie.

A Pretty Winter Salad

Drain 1 can of peas and rinse in cold water; add 1 cup celery cut up in half-inch strips, a cup of boiled carrots cut in dice, a tablespoon capers, a little salt and a dash of cayenne. Moisten with salad dressing and serve on heart leaves of lettuce.

A Good Mincemeat

One pound of beef from the lower round which has no bone and but little fat, one-half pound of suet, put these together into a kettle and cover with cold water, add just a little salt and let simmer until meat is very tender. Let it get cold, then either chop it or run it through the grinder, fat and all, except the water which must be saved and not thrown away.

To every bowl of chopped meat add three heaping bowls of chopped apple; put into a large agate or preserving kettle and add 2 large spoonfuls of fine salt, 2 heaping cups of brown sugar, juice of 2 lemons (if liked) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, 1 cup of boiled cider, 2 lbs. of seeded raisins, 1 pound of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. citron chopped fine, 2 heaping teaspoons mixed spices, stir altogether thoroughly, add liquor in which meat was cooked and heat through slowly, taste and if not sweet enough add more sugar and if too dry add 1 cup of coffee or tea or any fruit syrup or jelly you may have on hand. If you do not like suet, omit and use a cup or more of melted butter instead.

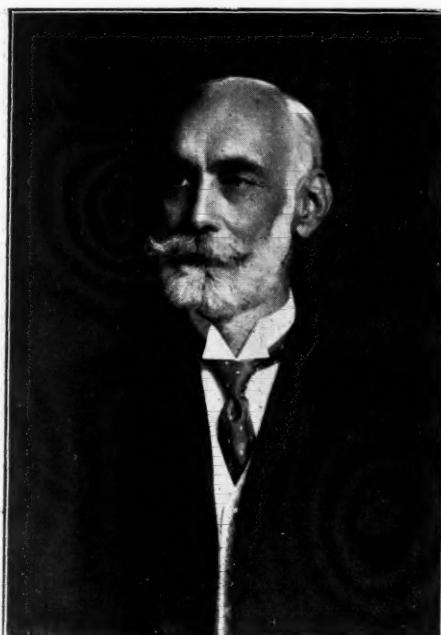
For mixed spices, mix together 3 teaspoons gorund cassia, 1 each of mace and grated nutmeg $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon clove, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice thoroughly stirred together. Try one pie and if well seasoned and all right pack the mincemeat in a stone jar or in glass jars and put away in a cool place. Heat mincemeat before making a pie.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.—Novalis.

The Jenkins Memorial Fund

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THE LATE WESTON JENKINS

Born December 20th, 1845. Died April 12th,
Easter day, 1914.
First Superintendent of the New Jersey School
for the Deaf.—1883-1899.

IN MEMORY OF HIM

A patient tiller of unhappy soil,
Who won his way to sense bereaved hearts
In richest outlay of unweared toil,
He envied none the fruits of selfish arts.

The brightest coin of flattering renown—
Could never tempt him to bestow alloy:—
Dishonest service. Coveting a crown
Of thorns to one of basely gilded joy.

He made a loving sacrifice of life
To broaden it for those to whom its gate
Stood narrowly ajar, made hard the strife,
With shadowing mysteries of human fate.

So let our hearts grow stronger as we lay
Upon his tomb our wreaths bedewed with tears,
And pray the remnant of our work betray
No loss of faith, no weak or lingering fears
Lest his pure service, our fond heritage,
Be blotted from our Father's living page.

C. W. J.

Bulletin No. 26

Columbus Lodge No. 120 F. and A. M.	\$10.00
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Mr. William H. Reyman	.25
Mr. Thomas Kelly	.25
Through Mrs. M. L. Glynn	15.00
Through Peter Brede	12.50
Through John M. Black	10.70
Through William Atkinson	9.00
Through Charles Cascella	9.00
Through Arthur R. Smith	2.40
Through Mildred Henemier	2.35
Through George Bedford	1.60
Through Roy J. Haward	5.45
Collected by Alfred W. Shaw from boys of the New Jersey School	1.65
Collected by Ruth Ramshaw from girls of the New Jersey School	1.40
Accrued Interest	5.09
Total to date	\$168.89

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

At the last convention of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf it was decided to have a bronze tablet, leaving Mr. Elmer Hannan the only bidder. He offers a 18"x25" bronze tablet with portrait of Mr. Jenkins and such an amount of letterings to record his praiseworthy deeds for \$185.00. About \$35 will still have to be raised to complete the fund and allow a little besides for incidental expenses. If there should be a balance after the Committee has met all necessary expenses the Association can decide on what disposition to make of it.

Do not wait to be asked but send on your contribution as soon as possible. Time is going fast. If twenty-six deaf people in New Jersey contribute \$1.00 each, the Fund will be completed. The same end will be reached if twice that number send the Custodian only 50 cents.

The following persons have doubled their subscriptions: Alexander L. Pach, W. W. Beadell, George K. S. Gompers, George F. Morris, Miss Grace Rae, Mr. Charles Stevens and George S. Porter. Next?

We want the deaf of New Jersey to wake up and BOOST and BOOST the Fund. Don't put off till to-morrow, next day, next week, next month. Do it NOW.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

DEAF ORGANIZE CLUB

The San Jose Deaf Club was organized last evening at a well-attended meeting in Halen's hall with the following elected as officers: P. A. Stiles, President; F. B. Bangs, Vice-President; C. G. Holmes, Secretary-Treasurer; Chairman of Committees, E. Fowler.

Meetings will be held in future in Hale's hall, South Second Street. An invitation is extended to all deaf people of this country to join the new organization. The club is open for membership to men and women alike.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

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